FIFTEEN CENTS

New MASSES

Forecast to 1940
An Economic Survey
DAVID RAMSEY

The Itch
First English Translation
V. I. LENIN

Murder Is Safe in Brooklyn
RICHARD H. ROVERE
ROBERT ANGE

Cancer and Economics
J. B. S. HALDANE

Is the Theater a Waste of Time?
ROBERT FORSYTHE

The New Plays
RUTH McKENNEY

The New Movies
JAMES DUGAN

Cartoons by Cropper, Hirschfeld, Gardner Rea

ON THE COVER
Relief Cut Victims
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JAN. 31, 1939

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Between Ourselves

We'll take care of your Thursdays from now on. Every Thursday night at New Masses' Keynote Club at 201 West 52nd St., we will sponsor the Keynote Forum, where the interesting things in contemporary life will be discussed by authoritative speakers. On January 26 the Keynote Forum will sponsor Ruth McKenney in one of her rare public appearances. Miss McKenney will edify the audience on the subject "My Sister Eileen's Uncle Ezra," a peculiar gentleman who found himself squeezed out of the author's work *My Sister Eileen,* but whose adventures deserve a telling of their own. The following Thursday night, February 2, will find James Dugan and Mike Gold at death grips over the question "Has Swing a Social Significance?" Between rounds, hot jazz classics will be played to provide the basis of the discussion. At each meeting the audience will have a lot of elbow room to heckle the speakers. The rest of the Keynote Forum program is now being made up. Any reader with a concrete idea for an evening's discussion should tell us about it right away. Politics, the theater, the news, movies, poetry, personalities, books, music, or anything else under the sun of interest during that week, will be used in the Keynote Forum, with special emphasis on news events of the week. Meetings will start at 8 p.m., at an admission of 35 cents.

Don't allow yourself to forget the Anna Sokolow dance concert which New Masses will sponsor at the Alvin Theater, Sunday evening, February 26, for which tickets are now available at this office, or are to be reserved by a call to Tiba Garlin, CAledonia 5-3076.

Ruth McKenney will chairman a forum on "Censorship in Book Reviewing," under the auspices of the League of American Writers, at which Max Lerner, George Seldes, and Charles Wagner will speak. There will be ample time for discussion. The meeting is scheduled for Friday, January 27, 8 p.m., at City Club, 55 West 44th St., New York City.

Ethel Weinberg of Bronx, N. Y., informs us that she has a nearly complete file of New Masses for the past two years which she will be glad to make available to persons or organizations who can use them. Readers interested in this offer can communicate with Miss Weinberg through New Masses.

"Let me state," writes N. S. of Brooklyn, N. Y., "that the arrival of New Masses has always meant that New York daily newspapers are no longer an important part of my daily reading. Furthermore, the unbiased writing in a magazine dedicated to a new economic order has been the source of much of my ability to discuss, contradict, and awaken many of my slothful intellectual friends."

Another encouraging note comes from H. S., of Moscow, Idaho, who says: "Would you please give my best wishes to Robert Forsythe, and my hope that he stays healthy, as the type of writing of which he is capable is of great importance."

M. J. Kane, one of our readers in Copenhagen, writes us as follows about the "cooperative way" in Denmark:

"Recently I visited the public exhibition of paintings by local artists in the subway passage underneath Town Hall Square in Copenhagen. As I worked my way along I suddenly came upon a space on the wall over which were pasted two notices. I do not speak Danish but I understood enough to gather that the police had banned a certain artist's paintings of Hitler and Mussolini. I asked the artist why this had been done and he said that he thought Nazi influence was responsible for the censorship.

"Only a few days ago I read Frederick C. Howe's *Denmark: The Cooperative Way.* Howe, along with other liberals, is convinced that here in Denmark is a true people's government, a genuine democracy enjoyed by no other country—one which the United States would do well to pattern itself on. Why, then, if this is so, didn't this genuine people's government tell Herr Hitler to go take a jump in the Kiel Canal? I asked this question of the artist, but he simply smiled and shrugged his shoulders. Nor could I get any satisfactory answer at the office of the Copenhagen newspaper *Berlingske Tidende.*"

Correction: Edward C. Aswell, who in last week's issue joined with several other prominent persons in a plea against any reduction of the Federal Arts Projects, was erroneously identified as president of Harper & Bros. Mr. Aswell is editor of the publishing firm.

THIS WEEK

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

Published weekly by Weekly Masses Co., Inc., at 31 East 27th Street, New York City. Copyright, 1939, Weekly Masses Co., Inc., Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 15 cents. Subscription $4.50 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico. Six months $2.50; three months $1.25; Foreign $5.50 a year; six months $3; three months $1.50. In Canada, $5 a year, $2.75 for six months. Subscribers are notified that no change in address can be effected in less than two weeks. New Masses welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped and self-addressed envelope.

Who's Who

David Ramsey is educational director of the International Fur Workers Union. . . . Robert Ange is a New York newspaperman who has specialized in municipal politics. . . . Hu Williamson is an American correspondent in Mexico. . . . J. B. S. Haldane, whose article in this issue is the first of many which he will contribute to New Masses, is a world-famous British scientist, writer, and Marxist. . . . F. C. Weiskopf is a novelist and was editor of the *Volks-Illustrierte,* German paper which was published in Prague until it was forced to suspend following the Munich betrayal. . . . Louis Lozowick is an outstanding Marxian art critic. . . . Joy Davidman, whose poems have frequently appeared in New Masses, recently won the Russell Loines Memorial Fund poetry award of $1,000, bestowed by the National Institute of Arts and Letters. . . . Charles Recht is a well known New York lawyer. . . . R. D. Darrell has contributed many music reviews to New Masses. . . . Hirschfeld's lithograph reproduced on pages 16 and 17 of this issue is included in his exhibition of lithographs and caricatures at the Charles Morgan Gallery in New York City until February 8.

Flashbacks

Memo to Adolf Hitler, who took power Jan. 30, 1933: Charles I of England was decapitated Jan. 30, 1649. On the scaffold he still pleaded that the people's "liberty and freedom consists in having government. It is not their having a share in the government; that is nothing appertaining unto them. A subject and a sovereign are clean different things." . . . Citizens in hard-pressed republican Spain will take cheer this week recalling that the last dictator before Franco, Primo de Rivera, fled the country Jan. 28, 1930. . . . And throughout the world there will be millions noting, with significant emphasis, the fact that on Jan. 28, 1918, the government of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic signed the decree for the establishment of the Red Army of workers and peasants. . . . Reading from left to right, we note that three important birth anniversaries fall in this week: Romain Rolland was born Jan. 29, 1866, at Clamecy, France; Horace Greeley, anti-slavery founder of the Republican Party, was born Feb. 3, 1811, at Amherst, Mass; and Franklin D. Roosevelt, a gentleman currently hated along the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo-Wall Street axis, will be fifty-seven on January 30.

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Mobilization Notice!

Franco is pounding at the gates of Barcelona.

If you live in New York, imagine Franco in Newark. If you live in Chicago, picture the fascists in Evanston. If you live in Los Angeles, think about thousands of Nazi and Italian troops battering the suburbs. Think about it for a moment; think of Franco's legions within a few hours' march of wherever you live.

Spain meets the enemy almost barehanded. The democrats of Spain need arms. The embargo has prevented them from securing the weapons they need.

That embargo must be lifted!

It is that simple. It is that true.

Write to your President. Write to your congressional representatives. Write to Senator Key Pittman, of the Foreign Relations Committee, Senate Office Building, Washington, D. C.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of petitions to Lift the Embargo have been signed; scores of social, cultural, and political organizations are doing their utmost to rally the American people to express themselves; hundreds of notable citizens have lent their aid and prestige to this most necessary move.

Among Americans of every stratum we see:

Novelist. Dorothy Canfield Fisher tells us, "I feel with thousands of other Americans that the time has come to stop the embargo which gives aid to the aggressors and denies it to their victims."

Educator. President Frank P. Graham of the University of North Carolina feels that "On account of the unfair working out of the arms embargo against Spain, I am strongly in favor of lifting this embargo at once."

Critic. Olin Downes, music critic for the New York *Times,* asserts, "I state my unqualified desire to act in every possible way to persuade the American government to lift the embargo on arms for Spain."

Philosopher. Prof. Horace M. Kallen of the New School for Social Research urges, "The embargo should be lifted unconditionally."

Catholic. Frank P. Walsh, chairman of the New York Power Authority, spoke vigorously for the lifting of the embargo on republican Spain at the Lawyers' Congress in Washington.

Statesman. Henry L. Stimson, former secretary of state of the United States, has written his opinion that the embargo upon republican Spain should be removed and that, legally, such power rests in the President's hands.

Journalist. Dorothy Thompson writes: "A legitimate, friendly government has the right to buy from us in the markets of the world whatever she needs for her defense against rebellion.

"That is a principle of international practice which the American government has stood for from the beginning of her history."

She urges the lifting of the embargo that strangles the people of Spain.

Writer. Van Wyck Brooks says, "I deeply hope that the Spanish embargo will be lifted."

Scientist. Kirtley Mather of Harvard University states: "My earnest conviction is that the embargo against the Spanish government should immediately be lifted."

Railroadman. President A. F. Whitney of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen declares: "The defense of American democracy necessitates moral and material aid to the loyalist government of Spain. The Spanish people can take care of their own defense and do a good job of it, too; if only we permit them to have the same access to our markets as have their fascist opponents."

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Forecast to 1940

An Economic Survey

DAVID RAMSEY

WILL 1939 give the answer to a central question of the day—recovery or stagnation? The answer lies in the politics of the immediate future. For, just as the development of the New Deal hinges on the economic situation, so will the coming political battles be fundamental in shaping or frustrating recovery. Since the tories are sabotaging the economic mechanism, the people must of necessity move against monopoly capital to break the depression log-jam. Recovery and the fight for democracy are inseparable; one cannot advance without the other. Stagnation serves reaction; among the by-products of the 1937-38 depression were the gains made by the Republican Party in the November elections. An impoverished and desperate people is an important component of Wall Street's plans for 1940.

We must keep this background in mind in reviewing the current upturn in business and industry, and in evaluating the economic perspectives for 1939. From May through November of last year there was an unbroken increase in production, the index of the Federal Reserve Board rising from 76 to 103 (1923-25 taken as 100). During December the upward movement began to falter, although the index may rise further because of its adjustment for seasonal variations. This is a warning signal: production now runs ahead of consumption. Unless purchasing power is bolstered and increased, the economic curve may dip once again, as in the fall of 1937.

A picture of the upturn underscores this fact. Its driving force was the relief and recovery program of the administration. Of course, by the late spring of '38 the national economy was in relatively favorable circumstances for the capitalists to make an advance. Heavy inventories had been reduced; for example, fifty large corporations cut their total inventory from $286,000,000 in September 1937 to $205,000,000 in June 1938. Industrial profits had been raised by scaling down labor costs through speedup and labor-saving machinery; the *Journal of Commerce* reported that "unit labor costs" fell from 120 to 95 during the first eleven months of the year. Finally, the workers, because of the strength of their unions, managed to preserve their wage rates to a larger degree than in any previous depression, thus keeping consumption at a level higher than the depression low of production. All of these factors indicated an upturn through the action of the internal forces of capitalism. But the accelerator was the relief and recovery program of the administration.

An important element in precipitating the depression in 1937 had been the tapering off of government expenditures in response to reactionary pressure. During 1937, relief expenditures had only amounted to about $1,000,000,000 in contrast to the $4,000,000,000 spent in 1936. This was not the sole cause of the economic tailspin (deliberate economic sabotage by big business was another important factor), but it was the immediate cause of the unprecedented severity of the decline. While there is no one-to-one relationship between relief expenditures and recovery, in this period the former are of great value as a pump-primer.

Increased government expenditures had an immediate effect on production. Consumers' goods industries advanced first, as the result of increased purchasing power, with heavy industry following suit. WPA expenditures were expanded from $130,000,000 a month in the latter part of 1937 to around $200,000,000 a month during the same period in 1938. Another source of added purchasing power was the $50,000,000 a month paid out by the states as unemployment insurance benefits. And PWA contracts gave jobs to the unemployed in the heavy industries.

By the fall, the stimulus of WPA and social security payments had been absorbed, and production in the consumers' goods industries slowed its pace. Heavy industry, which had begun its advance later, because of the slow letting of PWA contracts, and the interval required for light industry to begin placing orders, continued to expand until November.

Now, the role of government expenditures in increasing production in the light industries is generally recognized. But their influence upon the basic industries is not so well known, although they were chiefly responsible for the fall pickup. Increased consumption by WPA workers led to greater production in the consumers' goods industries. They, in turn, ordered machinery and other products as their volume of business increased. And finally, the government speeded the upward push with PWA contracts.

Although the New York *Times* attacks the unbalanced budget, it has had to recognize the importance of government spending in the vital sector of heavy industry: "Almost all lettings [of constructional steel] are for public works, chiefly with government aid. Strictly commercial work remains conspicuously light, as has been the case for seven years. Railroad buying amounts to virtually nothing." (Nov. 28, 1938.)

Building and railroads are the most serious obstacles to recovery. Construction in 1938 increased somewhat over 1937, but this was almost entirely due to government activity. Very few new factories and commercial buildings were erected, since the capitalists concentrated on reequipping their old plants with labor-saving machinery. Public projects accounted for 60 percent of all building contracts awarded in recent months, and 75 percent of all heavy engineering contracts.

We thus see that the present upturn is primarily based on government expenditures. Furthermore, it is principally a consumers' goods revival, since the durable goods industries continue to lag as they have done ever since 1933. This is not a sound basis for recovery, which needs a great expansion of production in heavy industry. The Federal Reserve Board issued a warning in November:

> The most recent increases in output have brought production in some industries (especially in consumers' goods) up to the level of current consumption; a further rise will depend to a considerable extent on how far the effects of recovery to date prove cumulative, and particularly when and to what extent the improvement in business leads to larger expenditures for durable goods by the public utilities, railroads, and industry at large.

In other words, the limited rise in purchasing power has already been outstripped by production. Unless the government increases relief expenditures and takes energetic action to revive heavy industry, there will be a new drop during the first months of this year. The economic indexes tell the story. On December 21, the *Annalist* pointed out that production had recovered 57 percent of its depression losses, but the employment index had recovered only 23 percent and the payroll index only 29 percent.

With December a month of easing production, the people and the government must take immediate steps to prevent a new decline and place the recovery movement on a sound foundation. Above all, they must block the program of Wall Street which would precipitate a new disaster. What is needed is more purchasing power; otherwise, rising inventories will again cause trouble, as in 1937. In the middle of 1938, after a year of depression, Dun & Bradstreet reported that inventories were higher than at the end of 1936, when production reached its peak. They must be approaching record levels again with production ahead of consumption in many lines.

Instead of increasing purchasing power, the reactionaries are threatening to end the WPA, whose appropriation runs out on Feb. 7, 1939. This would be a catastrophe not only for the unemployed but for the entire nation. Remember that WPA during the 1937-38 depression added some 1,700,000 workers to its rolls, while over three million lost their jobs. Only half of those made jobless were taken on the WPA, and at its peak it gave jobs to but one-quarter of the unemployed. And although production went up

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in the past six months, there was little reduction in the army of unemployed. In fact, Leon Henderson, testifying before the government monopoly committee, estimated that production would have to rise 40 percent over current rates to reemploy the jobless. Even a return to 1929 levels would still leave seven million permanently unemployed. (There are about eleven million today.)

The continuation and expansion of relief and recovery expenditures are essential. Walter Lippmann, unlike the more rabid reactionaries, senses the danger of an abrupt curtailment of expenditures. He argues that at the present time "these activities cannot be suspended or even seriously curtailed." He concludes that "the federal budget has now become a platform, a floor, which sustains wage rates, farm incomes, many industrial prices, state and municipal activities all over the country." Removing that floor or seriously weakening its supports would plunge the country into chaos.

Wall Street's curtailment program is made more dangerous by the practices of the monopolies. They are constantly increasing speedup and introducing labor-saving machinery which displaces hundreds of thousands of workers. Recently, the U. S. Steel Corp., to cite one example, opened a giant $60,000,000 mill. This one plant, according to the CIO, will cause ten thousand steel workers to lose their jobs, with 4,800 already fired. In the steel industry as a whole, output per man-hour rose 13 percent between 1929 and 1937. But during the first nine months of 1938, output per man-hour was increased by an additional 20 percent over the 1937 average. A hundred thousand workers are thus faced with loss of jobs, while the companies will make huge profits, more than compensating them for the 8 percent price reduction forced on them last June.

The problem of technological unemployment is becoming more acute. Prof. Frederick C. Mills found that half of the decline in employment from 1929 to 1935 was due to the increase in labor productivity. But instead of reducing hours without a reduction in pay rates, to provide more jobs, the tories are pressing for more speedup and greater rationalization of industry at the expense of the workers. Alfred P. Sloan, chairman of General Motors, expressed their hard-bitten attitude when he said: "Distribute available work among that number of workers, and no more, who can be assured the desired standard of hours of employment for the maximum possible part of the year. . . . As we reduce the standard working week, while we move towards greater leisure, we must accept a lower standard of living." More diplomatically, the *Journal of Commerce* said that "industry is at last catching up with the wage increase of the 1936-37 period [through increased productivity—D. R.]. It is highly important that nothing be done to check this trend."

Besides displacing workers, the monopolists are sabotaging recovery in three important sectors of industry. The railroads are not

"Carry On!" Mischa Richter

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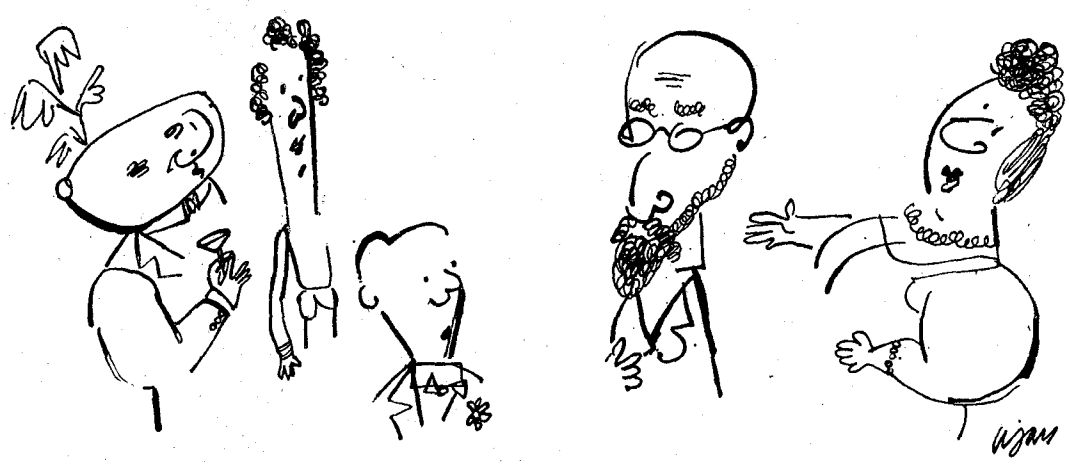
even replacing wornout equipment. They are interested only in milking the government to pay interest charges on their heavily watered capitalization. The public utilities, although there is need for greater electrical output, are spending but a fraction of their capital outlay of the twenties. And in the building field, new housing is barely keeping up with the number of dwellings made obsolescent each year. In each of these three branches of industry, vested interests block government activity, and withhold needed expansion, to blackmail the New Deal. There is a tendency for certain capitalist spokesmen to concoct billion-dollar orders which they claim are held up by lack of "confidence." But in these three basic industries, and to a considerable extent in industry as a whole, sabotage does exist. It is important for progressives to understand the purpose of this sitdown strike against the New Deal.

Col. Leonard Ayres of the Cleveland Trust Co., one of the more respectable of the economic star-gazers for big business, put it clearly: "Our utilities are not suffering seriously from lack of profits. Their trouble is a sort of nervous prostration caused by a complete inability to plan ahead. . . . Because of lack of faith in the future, American business capital has not been replacing itself in the years since the bottom of the depression." What will restore their "lack of faith"? The answer is given by the *Journal of Commerce*: "A marked increase in capital outlays by the public utilities will depend on clarification of the threat of government competition."

You can be sure that the capitalists are not cutting their own throats in a Spenglerian gesture of defiance. Their sabotage dovetails with their ruthless attack on all the social achievements of the administration. They want to plunge the nation into hard times in order to demoralize the democratic forces and prepare the way for a reactionary victory in 1940. This aim lies behind the present tactics of the Garner Democrats and the Hoover-Vandenberg Republicans. That is why Democratic Sen. Harry F. Byrd of Virginia recently made a plea for ending "fiscal insanity," while, at the same time, his Republican allies promise the impossible to the discontented. Chairman Marriner Eccles of the Federal Reserve Board hit the real issue, when, in his reply to Byrd, he said that drastic retrenchment would bring another depression which would "jeopardize" American democracy. Economic stagnation as a preparatory stage for fascism is on the agenda of the economic royalists.

To resist and defeat the plans of big business the progressives need to fight, and really fight hard, for recovery in behalf of the people. Fortunately, the AFL, the CIO, and progressives generally, agree on the main outlines of such a program. It needs only the spotlight of a national people's legislative conference, of the sort many labor leaders and progressives have suggested, to focus the attention of the people on the need for this economic instrument, making for greater security and democracy.



A. Ajay

"Professor Hanson is an expert on parasites."

First on the order of the day is maintenance and expansion of the WPA. Interlocked with this should be a wide program of social improvements such as housing, public health, education, flood control, conservation of natural resources, extension of the TVA project to other parts of the country. Then there should be aid for the farmers in the form of cost-of-production prices, ample credits, etc., and protection for the small business man against the encroachment of the trusts.

There still remains the problem of reinvigorating the heavy industries, for this is the key to recovery. By nationalizing the railroads, we would open the way for purchases of rolling stock and other equipment. A vast program of electrification, especially needed in the rural areas, would involve similar large-scale buying of machinery. Housing on a national scale would furnish many jobs, and create demands for the products of the durable goods industries. All of this leads up to the central need of nationalizing the banks to provide easy going for the recovery program and to break the grip of Wall Street.

Where will the money come from for such an enormous undertaking? Through a progressive tax program which will tap the accumulated wealth of the economic overlords. By closing the channels of tax evasion, by taxing the billions of tax-exempt securities, by increasing the capital-gains and excess-profits taxes, by raising surtaxes on the super-profits of the giant corporations, the national revenue would be increased by a minimum of $3,000,000,000. A group of Harvard and Tufts economists, with a milder tax program than the one sketched here, estimated that over $8,000,000,000 could be raised annually. And as the national income grew, as the result of the recovery measures, the tax revenue would be even greater. This would cover the costs of recovery, including greater social-security benefits and adequate old-age pensions. Balancing the budget could then be sought in earnest, since even this tax program would not confiscate the $13,000,000,000 which was paid out this year in interest, dividends, entrepreneur profits, and corporation salaries.

Note that this is not a *revolutionary* program; it is one which will operate within the framework of capitalism, one that the capitalists are unwilling and unable to carry through. It does not involve slick money schemes. Its results would be apparent to the people in a very short time. Naturally, Wall Street will fight against it. But then, Wall Street is sabotaging recovery right now. The advantage of this progressive recovery program is that it enables the people to take the offensive. It inspires them with greater faith in the possibility of defeating the billion-dollar aggregates of massed capital. It provides props for democracy, by extending control over Wall Street. It will help assure a progressive victory in 1940.

So far, we have not taken into consideration the imponderable of the second world war, which may break out this spring. That would throw our analysis completely out of line, and no one can predict now what the consequences might be. But in closing, we should take note of the problem of national security which Munich imposed upon the United States. The progressive program for recovery is necessarily linked with the question of a positive peace policy, as President Roosevelt emphasized in his opening message to Congress. There would be little use in striving for recovery behind the vain hope of splendid isolation. Likewise, it would be equally futile and even more dangerous to listen to the reactionaries, who would sacrifice the welfare of the people on the altar of an armaments program dedicated to the munitions ring. The question is not merely whether we are going to have recovery, but what kind it will be. Only a people's recovery program can provide new impetus to the upward economic movement and strengthen our defense against fascist aggression.

★

Here, Sandy

FOOTNOTE on the passing of royalty, from a Lord & Taylor ad in the New York *Times*: "New playmate for your pup! The Little King in nice chewy rubber, all dressed up in the royal colors. 79 cents. Dog Accessories, Street Floor."

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Where Murder Is Safe

The Old Regime Hangs On in Brooklyn

ROBERT ANGE & RICHARD H. ROVERE

THE charge "Murder is safe in Brooklyn" led to the shelving of District Attorney William F. X. Geoghan in the infamous Drukman murder case. He was superseded by Special Prosecutor Hiram C. Todd, who successfully prosecuted the three slayers of Samuel Drukman. Now Geoghan has been superseded again—for the third time. The man appointed to do the job which the elected officials seem incapable of doing, John Harlan Amen, has the same old allegation to investigate: "Murder is safe in Brooklyn."

On June 23, 1937, a striker was murdered on the picket line. As pickets trudged in front of the Fein Tin Can Co., on Brooklyn's shabby waterfront, a door suddenly opened. A blackjack swung viciously, cracked the head of Anthony Corbo. He died later in the Long Island College Hospital of a fractured skull.

The strike, conducted by the Steel Workers Organizing Committee, was marked by persistent interference and provocation by the police commanded by Capt. Michael Richter of the 84th Precinct. Richter is well known to Brooklyn labor—and employers—for his hearty cooperation with the latter during industrial disputes. Many a peaceful picket line in his precinct has been battered into a bloody mess by police. Wholesale arrests of pickets and tender solicitude for scabs accompanied the police's assaults on strikers. True to form, Captain Richter had his men on duty at the Fein Tin Can Co. the very day Corbo was killed—yet there was no arrest.

The police, together with the willing assistants of District Attorney Geoghan, began their inquiry with the assumption that Corbo was killed by his fellow strikers. The pickets were taken in custody and held incommunicado by the investigators. A full week elapsed before Hyman Fein and his son Irving, owners of the plant, and seven guards furnished by the Harry J. Connor Detective Agency were queried about Corbo's murder. ("Queried" is the word; that tabloid favorite "grilled" won't do in this case.)

After much insistence, the strikers' charge of police laxity was examined by Inspector Harry L. (Give 'em Hell) Lobdell. The cops were cleared.

In spite of the conviction of the Drukman killers obtained by Special Prosecutor Todd —who charged taxpayers $600 a day for his services—the public is again faced with the question "Is murder safe in Brooklyn?" And with this question comes the less dramatic but fundamentally more significant problem of corrupt public officials infesting Kings County, grafting hundreds of thousands of dollars wherever they can, obliging employers wherever possible by lending official support and material assistance to the fight against unionism.

John Harlan Amen, previously an assistant United States attorney and an affable young racket buster, came into this scene of venality in Brooklyn as a result of what the newspapers call, coyly and without further explanation, the fur racket.

The fur racket is just another shakedown game which flourished in Brooklyn and in New Jersey. It is not a racket in the sense of a gigantic, well knit monopoly such as the late Dutch Schultz organized. It was just a crooked scheme operated by a few-hardup ex-convicts.

But it takes more than a few ex-cons to run a racket. Organized crime cannot flourish without political protection. Here's how it worked in Brooklyn.

A man bought, borrowed, or stole one or two high-quality pelts, took them to a fur dealer, and told him that he had a truckload of similar furs for sale—cheap. He gave the impression that they were stolen. At any rate they had to be sold in a hurry. The racketeer took the dealer to the truck and the two started for the dealer's warehouse.

On the way a carful of cops overtook the truck, arrested the dealer for receiving stolen goods. Of course they ostensibly arrested the racketeer too. The dealer, naturally, went into a song and dance: how did he know the goods were "hot"? It soon developed that the whole thing might be hushed up for a small sum—say $2,000. The dealer, fortunately, always brought such a sum along to pay for the furs once they were delivered.

This double-dealing had been practiced a few times when one merchant became suspicious. After walking a few blocks from the truck, he returned and saw the cops and the racketeers in a vacant lot splitting the money he'd just given them.

Early last summer several of these racketeers were arrested, including the thrice-convicted Isidore Juffe, but the case was thrown out of court.

Two weeks later several of the fur-case racketeers were rearrested and held in bail of $100,000 each. Juffe was not among them. Why? Juffe's answer was simple: "I paid plenty."

First Deputy Commissioner of Correction David Marcus learned about an alleged bribe from prisoners in the city jail. He passed the information along to his boss, Mayor LaGuardia, who promptly ordered his ace Commissioner of Investigation William B. Herlands, to check up.

Meanwhile the rumor got around Brooklyn that the amount of the bribe was $2,800 and that it had been passed to a certain prosecuting official. Geoghan began to do some questioning and, as a result, Juffe was arrested again and freed again. It was getting monotonous. As he walked out of court he was arrested again—for the third time—this time by Police Inspector Michael F. McDermott. McDermott and Herlands took Juffe away from Geoghan and presumably obtained the entire story of the fur racket and the bribe system.

If Geoghan were brighter than he is, he would have indicted Troy, McDermott, and Herlands then and there for conspiracy to obstruct justice. Instead, he satisfied himself by indicting Juffe and six others, including three cops, for grand larceny in the fur case.

By indicting Juffe, Geoghan got him away from Herlands, but it was too late. After casting a few hints that members of the district attorney's staff were involved, Herlands marched up to Governor Lehman's Park Avenue home and demanded that Geoghan be superseded.

Conveniently, on October 15, at the height of the furor created by the fur scandal, 7,200 arrest records were stolen from the Bergen Street, Brooklyn, police station. Prior to that reports had appeared in the press that Herlands was investigating the acceptance of bail-bond bribes in Brooklyn police stations. It was widely known that police officials made quite a little racket out of admitting prisoners to bail. It was also quite obvious that in order to prosecute these practices fully, an examination of the arrest records would be necessary. Their theft, on the eve of possible investigation, proved, of course, the truth of the reports.

Governor Lehman had no choice but to put Geoghan on the shelf for the third time. He appointed Amen to take over investigation of the fur racket, the theft of the police records, and vested him with the authority to investigate the three criminal courts of Brooklyn, the Commissioner of Jurors, and the Department of Correction.

Amen is not a newcomer to the wide field of rackets. As assistant United States attorney, he had put one "Socks" Lanza, who presided over the fish rackets, in jail. He broke Ciro Terranova's artichoke racket and secured indictments against the almost legendary Lepke and Gurrah.

The result of his diligence in the current series of scandals will be the political sensation of the decade, unrivaled by anything

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since the series of exposures and arrests in the halcyon Walker era.

A prominent member of the Brooklyn judiciary can book a cell in Sing Sing prison, for he is certain to make his residence there as a result of his misconduct in certain bail-bond cases.

Another judge, a state senator, and a prominent Democratic leader may keep him company there. This trio is alleged to have accepted a bribe from a robbery defendant who was to plead guilty and receive a suspended sentence.

Of course there are countless other cases of this kind of corruption, many of which have found their way into the metropolitan press. But, as is usually the case with rackets and graft in municipal politics, there is a side to the story that has not been told anywhere, and is not, thus far, on the investigation. It is the story of anti-union reaction, the handmaiden of political corruption.

The previously cited murder of Anthony Corbo is but one of a long series of events which will show, when aired, that the agencies of public protection function against organized labor in Brooklyn. The grand-jury system, the lower courts, the police, the district attorney's office—all have delivered the goods to anti-labor employers. A Brooklyn injunction is as easily obtained as a Reno divorce, and if a struck employer is hard put for scabs, he need only look to certain allies in the police department—who will either provide the strikebreakers or dispatch a corps of cops to take over the strikers' work.

Bail is used against labor. What is intended as a guarantee of the defendant's appearance has been used, by raising the amount out of all proportion, to penalize strikers and unions with slim bank accounts.

Take the grand-jury system, for example. A grand jury, supposedly, is a picked body of citizens—picked, in typical capitalist fashion, from among landowning burghers—whose proper business it is to examine evidence and grant or refuse indictments. Obviously, it is in the public interest to see that a grand jury is chosen from as widely representative a body as the law will allow. But in Brooklyn a grand jury is almost a standing body, and certain men make jury duty a profession. Thus we find that one man has headed five grand juries, another four. Both men, Fred G. Schafer and Edward J. McCarthy, president of the large florist firm of Weir's, have time and again acted against labor, and both, oddly enough, happen to belong to the same Elks Lodge—No. 22, which boasts another politically distinguished member, District Attorney William F. X. Geoghan.

In April 1937 there were widespread marine and shipyard strikes. The additional grand jury for April pronounced labor unions a racket. By another coincidence, the foreman of this grand jury was Irving E. Jakobson, son of the owner of Jakobson & Peterson, ship-builders.

Brooklyn grand juries can be counted on to do the dirty work of the employers and employer-minded politicians with a consistency too great to be accidental. On numerous occasions they have commended the office of District Attorney Geoghan when Geoghan's attorneys have been attacked. During the famous strike of workers on the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle,* a grand jury put aside its proper business, which was to investigate current rackets, to issue a Girdlerian statement recommending that the restraint of pickets no longer be a matter for "the discretion of the police." The police had been doing very nicely, but the jury, foremanned by repeater Fred G. Shafer, felt that even stronger measures should be taken to make Brooklyn "a safe place for children and adults." That jury finished its term of racket investigation with the discovery of only one racket—organized labor.

An example of what does happen when an honest juror finds his way to grand-jury duty was seen recently, in a story which did make the press, when a union cab driver who refused to ride with other jurymen in a scab taxi was thrown off the jury and reprimanded by the presiding judge.

Late in 1937, during the course of the guild strike against the *Eagle,* the waiters of a large Brooklyn restaurant, Joe Sartori's, were on strike. The owner applied for a writ of injunction to Justice John H. McCooey, Jr., whose father, it is interesting to note, was formerly widely known as the Democratic boss of Brooklyn. At any rate, the injunction Sartori asked for was granted immediately.

It has since developed, in affidavits signed by waiters, that Sartori had issued orders never to bill the Judge McCooey or members of his family for food or liquor.

The strike that turned up the greatest mess was one conducted by the employees of the affiliated firms of John Mullins & Sons and the Mason Furniture Co. Signed affidavits, in the possession of the business agent of the United Retail Workers local which conducted the strike, give a fair example of the methods of cooperation. Police were assigned to ride the firms' trucks during the strike; police were seen moving furniture and in other ways doing the jobs normally handled by regular employees; an electric refrigerator was delivered to Capt. Michael Richter, who supplied the strikebreaking cops, and a suite of furniture to the particularly cooperative Police Inspector Bishop, both items accompanied by the stipulation to "forget the bill."

The strike against the Brooklyn Jewish Hospital, early in 1937, provoked national discussion and was finally investigated by the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee in Washington. It brought forth an exceptionally repressive injunction, which held that no strike could be called against a charitable, educational, or religious institution; strikers were enjoined from picketing or establishing headquarters within three blocks of the hospital.

At the time it was held, as one of the chief points of the management and the Brooklyn officials who prosecuted the strikers, that because the elevators were not in service, a baby patient had died. That was the sworn and accepted testimony of Dr. Benjamin Kramer, the hospital's chief pediatrician and the dead child's attending physician.

That baby did not die while the strike was in progress, but afterward, when the strikers had been arrested and the hospital was functioning normally—with all elevators running.

Thus far the labor side of the corruption in Brooklyn politics has not seen the light of print or official investigation. What will come of the Amen inquiry, aside from a few arrests and appointive changes? If the labor side is properly exposed, as Brooklyn progressives are urging, the whole case will take on a far different complexion.

As a rule the exposures of Tammany thieving and racketeering means jobs for Republicans by the next election. In this instance, however, with a labor angle more sordid than even big-time graft, the Republicans have little to hearten them, for their own labor record is far from sweet. The obvious answer to the problem is the American Labor Party, which can commit itself both to honest municipal government *and* to a square deal for labor. It is stronger in Kings County than anywhere in the state, and with the increasing aid of the Transport Union—which can, if it wants, take the strong Irish vote away from reactionary Democrats—the ALP will have its best chance to commend itself to voters.

We Shall Love

Can we sing these days
purely of love and nothing else?
no hard word dropped in the simple song
like a stone in a quiet pool?

When the names of oppressors are gone
and their ways are forgotten,
and there is no shadow
that goes with a man through life,

we shall sing, using the same old words
with a sure joy in the sound,
there will be love with the singing,
the shadows be made by the sun
or the natural night.

We shall sleep unafraid in the world
and gladly arise in the morning.

This, my own girl, wife of the digger,
girl of the sailor home from the sea,
will be life in a world made over
by such as we.

ALEXANDER F. BERGMAN.

★ ★ ★

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Why Kluckhohn Left

The Inaccurate Gentleman from the *Times*

HU WILLIAMSON

Mexico City.

LAST week Frank L. Kluckhohn, correspondent of the New York *Times* in Mexico, was deported from a country he cordially disliked, because his conduct was "in every respect incongruous with the most elementary journalistic etiquette." The deportation took place under Article 74 of the General Law of Population which provides that ". . . the secretary of the interior may bar the entry of undesirable foreigners."

In a dignified explanatory statement, the government's Department of Press and Publicity charged the *Times* correspondent with refusing to document his dispatches and printing "inaccuracies and alarming prophecies as to the supposed paths of national policy." The department explained that Mexico had no intention of abandoning freedom of the press, but that Kluckhohn had been guilty of "malevolently misconstruing the doctrine of the Mexican government, causing animosity among foreign people toward us, and so contributing to the placing of obstacles to the friendly relations between Mexico and various governments—such as that of the United States."

As these words are being written, Mr. Kluckhohn is issuing statements that he has become the focus of a general attack by the Mexican government against foreign correspondents. Frantically searching for instances of government repression against honest journalists, Kluckhohn charged that a certain news agency had been fined 5,000 pesos. As a matter of fact, this "fine" was simply a three years' back-tax assessment on the United Press. William Lander, the UP correspondent, repudiated the Kluckhohn accusation categorically. "This assessment," he stated, "is in no way a fine and has nothing to do with any intimidation of myself for sending news out."

For over a year, high officials of the Mexican government have been protesting to the New York *Times* concerning the tendentious and inaccurate character of Kluckhohn's dispatches. Last summer the *Times* made an investigation. It now asserts that the results completely exonerated Kluckhohn.

The *Times'* decision to keep Kluckhohn in Mexico left the government with two clear alternatives: acquiescence or deportation. The latter course gave this erratic correspondent the painless luxuries of martyrdom to the much abused principle of freedom of the press. It permitted sinister editorial writers to charge that Mexico had gone the way of the totalitarian countries. However, it eliminated Kluckhohn's more or less fanciful editorials, bearing a Mexican dateline, from the news pages of the *Times*.

There is complete freedom of the press within Mexico. Fascist sheets circulate with impunity. Attacks are made in the local press against prominent government officials which, if made in the United States, would land their authors in jail on criminal libel charges. When a Mexico City magazine accused Damaso Cárdenas of grafting on the Guadalajara highway contract, the president immediately ordered a thorough investigation of his brother's conduct. Damaso was exonerated, but no legal action was taken against the magazine which published the libelous charges. Foreign correspondents are free to write and wire what they will. The Cárdenas government imposes no censorship whatsoever on Western Union dispatches, and mail crosses the border unopened.

In the case of Kluckhohn, the issue was whether Mexico could tolerate the presence of a newspaperman who published continual misstatements of fact, refused to verify wild stories, and showed a degree of irresponsibility in his writings which should have led to his recall. The second issue involved was that Kluckhohn tended to dramatize his position as a reporter. He evidently considered his mission to be that of "exposing" the Mexican government at every hand, laying bare imaginary fascist plots to oust United States influence from the country, and cabling a false report to the effect that the Latin-American Labor Congress was seeking to raise wages here to United States levels.

First, as to pure journalistic blundering. Kluckhohn once characterized the notorious fascist organ *Novedades,* as a "left-wing" sheet. The day before the oil expropriation, he reported that Cárdenas was bluffing. The day before the Cedillo revolt, he wired that "If the government hoped to prod General Cedillo into action, it had failed, as was a foregone conclusion."

If accurate prediction is one of the measuring rods of good journalism, correct reporting of fact is its first essential. When Cárdenas took over the important Nueva Italia and Lombardia plantations in Michoacan, Kluckhohn wrote that the owners had been reimbursed although dispossessed American landlords in other parts of the country were getting nothing. He hinted darkly that the fact that these proprietors were Italo-Mexicans (and therefore under the protection of the world fascist alliance) explained this singular decision to pay compensation. After the story had been printed, the former plantation owner, Cusi, issued a statement that he had not received a cent and that the Kluckhohn dispatch was manufactured out of whole cloth.

To send a story which is damaging in the extreme to a foreign government, with absolutely inadequate verification, is bad enough. Moreover, no reporter who knew Mexico would have placed any credence in the report. During Cárdenas' presidential campaign, several workers were killed in a labor dispute on the Cusi properties, and the young candidate immediately wired a request that Cusi turn his haciendas over to the workers. Thus the Italian landlord was the last man whom Mexico would wish to pay. Besides, Italian influence in Mexico is negligible, and even if the German ministry were in a position to dictate to Cárdenas (which it emphatically is not), there is little reason to believe it would intervene on behalf of Italian nationals.

The Kluckhohn attack on the Mexican government has been ramified and adroit. It has been guerrilla warfare with continuously shifting positions. As a defender of American property, the *Times* correspondent appealed tearfully for an embargo on silver purchases from Mexico—a decision which, had it been taken at the time, would have resulted in profound economic crisis and possibly the armed overthrow of the Cárdenas government. As a "radical," the same Kluckhohn assailed Mexico for economic relations with Nazi Germany and exaggerated the political implications of these relations. As an economic "expert," Kluckhohn published misleading reports concerning the Mexican Treasury's position which convinced American business men that financial conditions here are most unsound. Characteristic of Kluckhohn the economist was an item that government aid to cooperatively operated mines would increase production and hence damage the competitive position of American-owned silver mines. Since the U. S. Treasury buys silver at a fixed price, this was arrant nonsense. As a labor "expert," Kluckhohn published reports that oil workers were ruled by an "iron dictatorship"—consisting of their trade-union leaders. Did the correspondent believe that Standard Oil and Royal Dutch Shell were citadels of proletarian democracy?

The background of Mexico's decision involves the scurrilous R. L. Martin articles in the New York *Enquirer;* the mendacious vaporizing of Henry Allen in the New York *Herald Tribune;* and the exotic theories of Fred Pasley in the New York *Daily News.* As far as the Allen series is concerned, it may be recalled that this Kansas correspondent quotes Trotsky as calling Cárdenas a Communist. If the Coyoacan exile made such an inane remark, it must be assumed that he is attempting to force Mexico to deport him. The Pasley reports of an alleged alliance between Cárdenas, Lombardo Toledano, and Trotsky are so contrary to easily verified fact that Mexico finds it difficult to believe that the entire American capitalist press is not mercenary.

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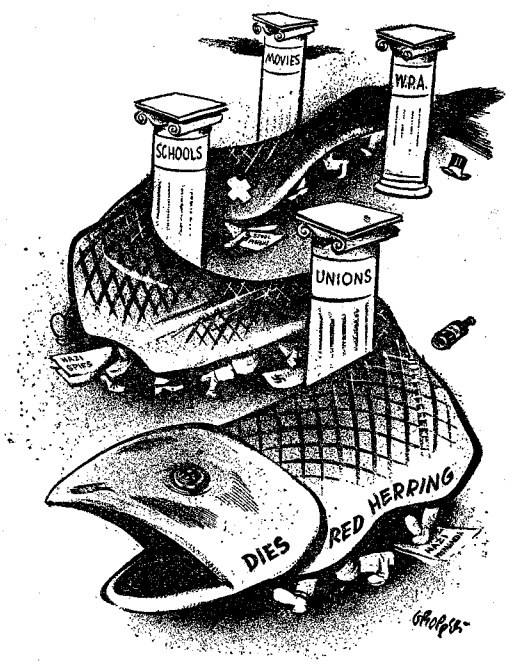
Rickshaw Boy

Sanctity of Treaties



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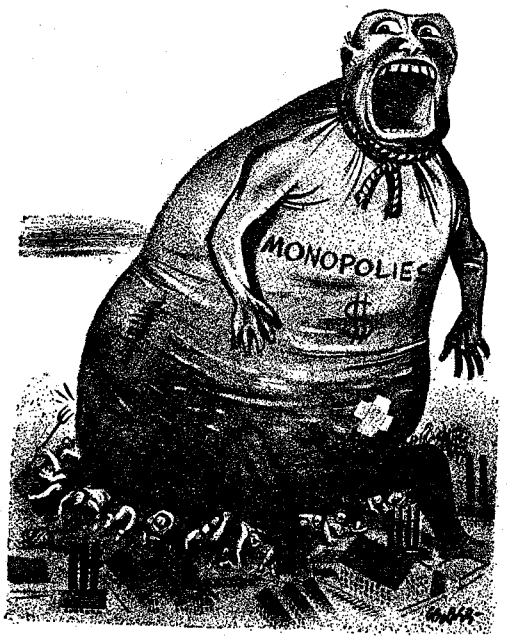

Monopolies

Hearst Over America

The Cradle Will Rock

Tighten Up

Bank Night

Bill Gropper, 40

THIS WEEK we are celebrating Bill Gropper's fortieth birthday by giving him a week off. As an anniversary tattoo to this great political artist of our time, and a birthday bouquet to devoted Gropperists, we are reprinting eight of his old cartoons which are as disconcerting to the people's enemies this week as they were when they first appeared on this page.

THE EDITORS.

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NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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WPA Front Stiffens

A NOTABLE stiffening of New Deal lines on the WPA front has confounded those who, after the House lopped $150,000,000 off the President's requested $875,000,000 appropriation, believed that the administration would be routed in the Senate with equal ease. What has happened is that the people have swung into action. The AFL, the CIO, the Workers Alliance, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the United States Conference of Mayors, and many thousands of "the folks back home" have spoken up—with the result that the relief-cutting drive has been slowed up considerably and may ultimately be defeated.

The bi-partisan tory coalition leading the drive has been compelled to alter its tactics. The flank attack has replaced the direct assault: the majority report of the Senate Appropriations Committee provides that WPA dismissals until April 1 be limited to 5 percent of those now on the rolls. This is, in fact, an admission that the large-scale reduction of WPA contemplated by the reactionaries would entail serious hardships. But as Senator McKellar, who submitted a minority report, points out, the program of the tory Democrats and Republicans would mean that after April 1 WPA would be cut by two-thirds until no more than about 1,050,000 are left on the rolls at the end of June. This, as Senator Wagner emphasizes, would be a serious blow to recovery.

The Workers Alliance is organizing a nationwide push for a WPA appropriation of at least $875,000,000; on Saturday, January 28, parades for "jobs and recovery" will be held in all parts of the country. The gains that have been made during the past week demonstrate the power of organized action. They vindicate the judgment of NEW MASSES that the election results have not necessarily predetermined the activity of Congress. If the New Deal wins the WPA fight, it will be in an excellent position to move forward on other fronts.

Barricades in Barcelona

AS FRANCO'S divisions storm the outer defenses of Barcelona Mussolini calls the 1901 class of reserves to arms. Il Duce's warships shuttle off the coast of Barcelona. The invaders are throwing everything they've got into the giant battle. The peril is extreme; it cannot be ignored. To democrats throughout the world, it dare not.

Mussolini is determined to win a Mediterranean Munich. Pre-condition to that is a Franco Barcelona. That the men of Catalonia will fight to the end is a foregone conclusion. Spain will never forget Madrid. The beautiful Barcelona streets leading to the front are black with old men, young men out to build the fortifications, to man the barricades. Women march with them.

But there are not enough rifles to go around. The Catalans go to forestall the assaults of the invaders—and their hands are empty. That abominable thing called "non-intervention" has afforded Franco the thirty thousand shells daily to put through his gains; it has stolen the rights of the loyalists.

The fascist armies race against time, against world opinion. Men like Henry L. Stimson have spoken up; Anthony Eden expressed it well when he castigated the policies of retreat to the dictators. He contrasted the withdrawal of the International Brigades by the government with the "large-scale participation of foreigners" on Franco's side.

"Foreign airmen bombing, foreign artillery shelling, and foreign infantry marching across Spanish soil," Eden said, would be responsible should Franco win.

"How can any of us deny," he asked, "that if Franco wins, his victory will be a foreign victory?" Eden said a lot but not quite enough.

This "foreign victory" would be a fascist victory: a terrible defeat to democracy on a worldwide scale. That is the corollary.

It dare not happen. As Gabriel Péri said yesterday in France "Everything is threatened—but everything may still be saved."

Action, indefatigable action on the part of all democrats, is the way to win. The war is being fought in Spain, but it can be lost in Washington. Or won there.

Above all, Americans should note this news dispatch:

> Fourteen submarines capable of operating in American waters were laid down for the Italian Navy during 1938.

Remember that.

New Anti-Lynching Bill

THE Wagner-Van Nuys-Gavagan Anti-Lynching Bill which was approved last term by the House and sabotaged by Southern tories in the Senate, has been modified for resubmission to the Senate. With the additional sponsorship of Senator Capper, the new bill contains two main changes: (1) Where the original bill held enforcement officials in a lynch area liable for criminal suit and made the county government responsible for damages, the new bill puts the burden of proof on the parties bringing suit instead of requiring the authorities to clear themselves. The distinction makes it much more difficult to obtain convictions but counterbalances that with a provision that calls for Federal Bureau of Investigation assistance in fixing responsibility. (2) The new bill removes gangster killings from the lynching category.

The new bill has the President's approval and also mass support from the South itself, organized since the first attempt to outlaw lynching. The Southern senators who filibustered the first version off the floor are thus backed into a difficult strategic position, although Senator Connally of Texas, one of the leaders of these throwbacks, announces that he will run off at the mouth long enough to kill the new bill. There have been seven lynchings since the original introduction of the bill; no convictions. The bill's effectiveness in preventing lynching is proved by the fact that there were no mob murders from the time of its introduction until it was smothered by the reactionary yelling marathon. The lynch vermin laid off until their defenders guaranteed them immunity. Then seven lynchings occurred to reward the brave senators' battle for states' rights. The new Anti-Lynching Bill provides the answer to this crime. It must pass.

New York Scareheads

THE New York papers have had a full year's portion of municipal scandals in the past ten days. The scareheads started on January 17 when District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey announced that eight employees of the Independent Subway System had mulcted the company and the public of $1,500,000 in nickels. Later in the week Republican Councilman Joseph Clark Baldwin charged that the city police under Commissioner Valentine were less than efficient; in fact, Baldwin said, more than a murder a day was being committed in Harlem alone and thousands of gambling and vice establishments were functioning without any trace of police interference. And all the time these stories were getting front-page space, John Harlan Amen's sensational investigation was being carried on in Brooklyn.

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Mr. Dewey is an ambitious little man who often sticks closer to the headlines than to the facts. Before he was troubled by visions of the Executive Mansion in Albany, he turned in some nice jobs and was responsible for exposing and prosecuting some of New York's most notorious municipal skullduggery. But Dewey's story of the subway steals is a bit hard to take. For $1,500,000 makes a lot of nickels, too many, indeed, for eight ordinary men to cart away unnoticed in six months. It is more than probable, of course, that someone was taking advantage of the inadequate machinery of the Independent turnstiles, which permitted them to be turned back so that there was no way of checking income, but the figures Mr. Dewey gave were multiplied beyond all reason and given far more newspaper space than they deserved.

Mr. Baldwin's charges, if they had been specific, would have been more serious. But the figures Baldwin gave for murders in Harlem far exceeded the average for the entire city, and he refused to explain his points about vice and gambling. What the charged boiled down to was animosity toward the LaGuardia administration and LaGuardia's appointee, Valentine. Valentine, to date, has been more efficient than most of his predecessors, and if there be any doubt of LaGuardia's desires for a decent police department, we advise our readers to turn to the article on Brooklyn by Robert Ange and Richard H. Rovere in this issue. It was LaGuardia who, hearing of police corruption in Brooklyn, turned investigators to the situation. If, in addition, the anti-labor activities of certain precinct captains in Brooklyn are exposed and the men prosecuted, it will be a victory for the LaGuardia city administration and the borough's people. Murder, as the article points out, is still safe in Brooklyn, but it has nothing to do with the present city regime; on the contrary, it is so because the old regime has been permitted to linger beyond its time in Brooklyn.

Hitler-Franco "Culture"

ALTHOUGH it has long been obvious to all intelligent observers that the press and propaganda of Franco's Spain are directed by Goebbels, the recently announced "cultural pact" between the Nazi government and Franco's junta should assure that the Nazification of rebel Spain will proceed apace.

A Francoist *Mein Kampf* has already been prepared called *What Is the "New Spirit"?* and its author is one of the chiefs of the Burgos Ministry of Education, José Pemartin. It contains such dogma as: "We have said before that we in Spain had the right to be more papist than the Pope, in the same way we can be more fascist than fascism itself, because our fascism must be perfect, absolute"; "'Fascism is a religious conception,' Mussolini has written."

Numerous Catholic clergy in the United States who support the definitely anti-Catholic and illegal rebellion of Franco might very well profit from the experience of the Austrian hierarchy, the German hierarchy, and the prisoners of the Vatican. By their actions in protesting the lifting of the embargo on republican Spain, they are throwing the Catholic Church in Spain into the hands of its great enemy—fascism. They can hardly expect forgiveness from their people or their church, for they *know* what they do.

Patents and Profits

How many Americans would be willing to buy a radio tube that lasts fifty times as long as the best now available? This is no academic question. There really is such a tube. But nobody can buy it. The reason can be summed up in one word—monopoly.

Testimony before the Monopoly Committee last week wrote a new chapter in the story of monopolistic abuse of the patent laws. Dr. Frank B. Jewett, president of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, Inc., coolly told the committee that a 50,000-hour vacuum tube had been in use over the long-distance circuits of the Bell system since 1923. This tube could be produced for radio purposes by the Radio Corp. of America and the General Electric Co., but they don't do it because, said Dr. Jewett, "it isn't commercially to their advantage." The next day the committee learned that the monopolistic corporations had also not found it commercially to their advantage to place television on the market.

Last week's testimony is particularly interesting in view of the fact that in 1935 Gerard Swope, president of General Electric, appearing before the House Patents Committee, categorically denied that RCA and General Electric ever suppress inventions. In an illuminating article in the November issue of the *Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, Dr. Bernhard J. Stern of Columbia University shows that such suppression is common practice.

Technological "birth control" is especially characteristic of the present epoch of capitalist decay. It is unknown in the Soviet Union where, as was pointed out in a recent United States government survey, *Technological Trends and National Policy,* "technological progress is being fostered as a means of achieving the governmental objective of a Socialist, planned, large-scale economy for the satisfaction of expanding consumers' needs." But even in capitalist America legislative measures can be taken to provide some protection for the public against the monopolistic perversion of the intent of the patent laws.

Fortifying Guam

THE proposal to fortify the island of Guam seems to have stirred up considerable quantities of printer's ink. The Japanese press has replied to the proposal, which was contained in the report of the Naval Board headed by Rear Admiral Hepburn, by threatening to "smash" the American fleet—no doubt in the same convincing manner in which the Japanese "smashed" the Soviet army at Changkufeng last summer. And certain tories and professional pacifists have raised a clamor that fortification of this strategic island in the Pacific would "provoke" Japan.

We confess ourselves enormously unimpressed with the argument about not "provoking" Japan. It is this argument that formed the noose around Austria, Czechoslovakia, and, if the fascists and "non-provokers" have their way, around Spain. It is the Japanese policy of provocation and aggression in the Far East that makes necessary additional defense measures on the part of this country. And if the fortification of Guam is necessary for the defense of the United States and its possessions—and the experts say that it is—the question of whether or not the Japanese will like it is decidedly beside the point.

President Roosevelt has indicated, however, that the island will not necessarily be fortified immediately. The sum of $5,000,000 for this purpose is merely authorized in legislation introduced in Congress. There is the clear intimation that whether or not this authorization becomes an appropriation depends on how the Japanese behave.

This whole question, moreover, needs to be correlated with our foreign policy. A trade embargo against Japan, which now secures in this country more than 50 percent of the materials for the prosecution of its war against China, will do more to halt aggression in the Pacific than the mere fortification of a half-dozen Guams.

A Backward Step

IN SUSPENDING two locals of the American Federation of Teachers last week, the Central Trades and Labor Council of New York did a grave disservice to the labor movement. The reasons given for the suspension indicate that reactionary forces in the AFL are prepared to outdo the Dies committee in their effort to smash progressive trade unionism. The Teachers Union locals are accused of taking part in allegedly "Communist" activities. Specifically, these activi-

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ties are: (1) cooperation with the Workers Alliance in its campaign to prevent WPA cuts; (2) participation in the American Congress for Peace and Democracy, at which two million other trade unionists were represented; and (3) welcoming home the veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion. Such brazen Red-baiting gives aid and comfort to the enemies of the New Deal and to the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis.

The truth is that both the WPA local and the College Teachers local of New York have carried on trade-union work which is in the best traditions of the AFL. The WPA local has cooperated energetically with the AFL in the fight for the WPA program. The college local has fought consistently, and to a considerable extent successfully, for tenure and salary rights of teachers, for democratization of the schools, and for the economic rights of non-instructional groups in the colleges. The attack on these locals can only serve to widen the distance between industrial and white-collar workers—a step backward for the labor movement—and to obstruct the efforts of President Green and the AFL to retain WPA at full strength. The fight of the Teachers Union locals deserves the widest support.

Serpents in Detroit

THE serpent in Eden was guileless in comparison with the strategists of big business. They are out to cripple, divide, and ultimately, if they can do it, completely destroy trade unionism in America. In this light we can understand what is happening in the United Automobile Workers Union. Here is not merely a battleground of personalities, but a plot to destroy the union.

The chief conspirators are the Ford Motor Co., Father Coughlin, the Lovestoneites, Homer Martin. Their plot is one of a series. Remember that this attempt to split the UAW occurs simultaneously with the expiration of the agreements of the auto workers, the miners, the steel employees. The first skirmishes of the far-flung offensive occur in Detroit; but the open-shop generals expect to attack all the way down the line.

The indictment drawn up by the Executive Board of the UAW against Homer Martin is not only revealing, it is startling. Here, implemented by names, places, dates, is a picture of treachery. It is obvious, as the indictment states, that Martin has worked "to create a secession movement within the union with the view of destroying the union and building a dual organization among the auto workers." For these reasons the union is holding a special convention in Cleveland, March 20—and the Executive Board has elected R. J. Thomas, formerly Martin's closest associate, to the acting presidency.

The entire picture is clearer: the assault is not only on the UAW; it is on the CIO. But the enemies of labor won't stop with the CIO. The AFL will be next; in fact, all labor organizations are menaced by the plot.

We can see why the Scripps-Howard press took the line it did in presenting the Stolberg articles. We can see why big business hires George Sokolsky for his excellent advice. It's a big war, and the enemy has plenty of money—and men who can be bought for money. Those of us who have other standards must pull together at this juncture of our history—or they will take us separately, one by one.

The People's Health

MEDICAL surveys show that only people with annual incomes over $2,000 get anything like adequate medical care. Economic surveys show that over 75 percent of the American people do not have annual incomes over $2,000.

It was this situation which prompted President Roosevelt and other New Dealers to urge Congress to accept the outlines of a national health program and work them out in further detail. The program President Roosevelt proposed last Monday would be one of cooperation between state and federal government. Through the extension of the present Social Security Act, approximately $850,000,000 would be expended, mostly through grants-in-aid to the states, to develop clinics and health centers, maternal and child-health services throughout the country.

The plan should receive the approbation and active support of all progressives. As it stands, it is flexible enough to be made to fit the needs of specific state and regional conditions; it is up to us to assure its passage and see that it is kept out of reactionary hands and molded for the people's service.

Crisis in German Economy

THE removal of Dr. Hjalmar Schacht as president of the Reichsbank is one more symptom of the growing crisis of German economy. Dr. Schacht is one of the ablest, most cunning, and most unscrupulous representatives of German finance-capital, whose political career has been distinguished by his readiness to serve reaction under any label. The secret of his wizardry, however, is more likely to be found in Downing Street than in Wilhelmstrasse. But despite the heroic efforts of Chamberlain and Montagu Norman of the Bank of England, the Schacht hypodermics have failed to induce in the Nazi colossus anything approaching a state of health. Apparently more powerful—if more risky—stimulants are to be administered by his successor, Walther Funk. A Berlin dispatch in the financial section of the New York *Times* states: "On all sides it is assumed that Herr Funk will have to resort to 'cautious' inflation and that many great public works for economy's sake will be temporarily suspended."

The lesions in Nazi economy, six years after Hitler's accession to power, can no longer be hidden. Despite all the Four-Year Plan bombast and the doctoring of statistics, the past year has seen the beginnings of a new economic crisis, signalized by the crash on the Boerse last summer, production declines in some industries, and the growth of unemployment. And the cut-throat policies which Schacht developed in pursuit of foreign trade have been powerless to prevent a trade deficit for Greater Germany in 1938 of 432,400,000 marks, which means a further drain on the dwindling Nazi gold reserve. On top of this the 1,500,000,000-mark loan which closed January 9 proved a decided failure, the banks having to take a large portion not subscribed by the public.

The changes in economic policy undoubtedly presage new adventurism in the political sphere. It is no coincidence that the removal of Schacht was immediately followed by two measures designed to fuse the army more closely with the regime and diminish the influence of the old officer caste among whom there has been opposition to some of the more extreme Hitler foreign policies. The Nazis are preparing for a new push that may come in the spring, and its direction will not necessarily be east. But a prerequisite for this is the conversion of Spain into a fascist colony. Thus, Spain more than ever is the rampart of world democracy.

Greetings to the *Daily*

THE *Daily Worker,* at fifteen, is no adolescent. A decade and half is a long time for a working-class newspaper, but in that period the *Daily* has pioneered and expanded, developed new modes of revolutionary journalism, and won for itself a permanent place in the tradition of the American press. All this in the face of extreme economic hardship, working with none of the coddling the capitalist press receives, having only the good wishes and slim resources of its friends.

The *Daily Worker,* at fifteen, is going ahead, and the *Sunday Worker,* at three, comes out in new dress. On January 22, around midnight, the *Sunday Worker's* new three-part edition was offered to New Yorkers, and a few hours later it was being acclaimed up and down the Eastern Seaboard. It was splendid. The whole progressive movement can greet the staffs of both papers, knowing that we can expect from them continued service to democracy, to labor, to the people.

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Forsythe's Page

Is the Theater a Waste of Time?

AMONG the more pathetic spectacles to be seen between acts at the opening night of a Broadway play are the old woman selling gum, the old man selling Life Savers, and George Jean Nathan. According to the vital statistics preserved in Washington, Mr. Nathan has passed the age of fifty and for at least twenty-five of these years he has been casting his bored and caustic eye on the theater. If he has seen fifty genuinely first-rate modern plays in that period, he is fortunate. If there are ten of that number which can stand revival, they will be found among the works of two men: Shaw and Ibsen. For the rest Mr. Nathan must waste his thunderbolts on victims not worthy of a popgun.

My argument is not, however, addressed to Mr. Nathan, who has received enough blows from the keys of this typewriter. He is merely a symbol. He is the Peter Pan of the theater, the gentleman of eternal youth who never tires of the fooleries of the mimes and clings desperately to the conviction that the theater has importance. On the contrary, I am afraid it has very little importance and I say this with some sadness because I too have been living in a land of wistfulness. With extreme reluctance I have been forced to the conclusion that while the theater is still a place for novelty and creativeness, its influence upon American thought is negligible. In a manner it may be compared with poetry, which is no less worthy than ever but which unfortunately is so limited in its appeal that it may be disregarded as a literary force. No author who seeks the widest audience for his message will confine himself to the stage, any more than he would sacrifice prose for the sake of pentameters, no matter how beautiful.

Paradoxically, this status has been reached at a time when men such as Sinclair Lewis and Thornton Wilder are forsaking their books for the smell of grease paint. At the very instant when it is historically important for all men who have influence to use it where it will be the most effective, they have preferred to occupy themselves with an art which is as limited as a family corporation. Since the American theater is confined almost entirely to Manhattan Island, the greatest success which either of these gentlemen might hope to achieve could never reach as many sections of the population as any one of their books.

This myth of the theater is obviously a hangover from the days when a play, even in this country, could have seven or eight companies acting it simultaneously. When that was true the playwright was justified in feeling that he was speaking to America. Even now the rewards of a Broadway success are tempting enough for any man's attention, but it will be necessary to admit that the urge for expression in the contemporary theater is less intellectual than mercenary. Strictly speaking, the American theater has become a metropolitan pastime, joined in by such convention delegates who may be in the city on expense accounts, plus such other individuals of the wealthier groups who can afford a yearly pilgrimage to Manhattan.

The case of the current Broadway sensation *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* is very much in point. It happens that I am one of the sacrilegious few who hold it to be less than a great play, but I am willing to waive my objections on the theory that it is an important work for these times. As a statement of democracy at its best, it is the timeliest weapon we have in the struggle against world fascism—and yet it sits proudly at the Plymouth Theater, playing to its eight or ten thousand patrons a week. At last reports it had played to a total audience of 100,000. In the course of a year it will have reached, at the most, 500,000 people. If the legitimate theater still existed as a national institution, we should by now have four or five road companies of the play in operation. Admittedly it would be difficult to cast the principal role and from an artistic viewpoint it is probably much better that the original company, with Mr. Massey playing Lincoln, should be kept intact until the property is disposed of to the movies, but in the meantime history moves with the speed of a rocket and *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* is wasting its efforts on sabled audiences who are neither amused nor convinced by the magnificent speech against Stephen Douglas or the stirring appeals of Herndon. It is a calamity that the *people* of America are not seeing this play at this time.

But the fault lies more with the theater than with Mr. Sherwood or the Playwrights Company. Last season Mr. Nathan was beating the drums for *Shadow and Substance*. Unfortunately, I did not see the show but I am willing to accept Mr. Nathan's judgment that it was the finest play of the year. That makes its fate all the harder. It played on Broadway and subsequently made the customary brief stops in Chicago, Philadelphia, etc., but for all practical purposes Mr. Carroll's masterpiece is no longer of this world. If it is printed in play form, a few will read it, but there is almost no likelihood that it will ever be revived, and hence it will have come and departed like an embarrassed and distant relative, fleetingly with us and then gone forever.

It may be true that there are writers who by the very nature of their brain's contour are playwrights and nothing else, but they are few, and most assuredly Sinclair Lewis is not among them. The contrast between Lewis the author and Lewis the playwright is striking. Imagine the difference if he had written *It Can't Happen Here* originally as a play. It would have had the usual Broadway run, if he were lucky, and the usual pathetic road tour and that would have been the end. Whether one regards it as a bad novel or a good novel, the fact remains that it was read by hundreds of thousands of people and permeated the nation. Perhaps it will be answered that it would be well if the present Mr. Lewis were not writing at at all, but I am not arguing that point.

It may be merely that I am getting old, but I must confess that I rarely come out of a theater moved by what I have seen on the stage. The theater in Russia is exciting because it gets to the people, productions having as many as a hundred simultaneous showings throughout the country, but aside from *Pygmalion* at Old Vic in London and *Julius Caesar* and *Heartbreak House* by the Mercury Theater here, I have seen nothing in several years that did anything but leave me with a dull feeling. If it is age in my case, the situation becomes worse when one realizes that the young people even in New York are no longer attracted to the theater. There are the customary hopefuls who want to be actors but the youngsters in the audience are almost invariably bored by what they see on the stage. I am not going to the other extreme of saying that the films have succeeded where the theater has failed; I merely report that in my estimation the stage has ceased to be an important factor in our cultural life.

That there will always be a theater I do not doubt, but I think it is worth pointing out to sincere authors that what they conceive to be their mission of reaching the public through the mouths of actors may be no more than their yearning for the moon. They are still living in an illusion, the illusion of backstage romance, grease paint, the-show-must-go-on, and other equally unimportant fictions. To deliberately restrict their influence at this stage of history does credit neither to their astuteness nor to their sense of responsibility as artists.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

Charles Martin

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The Itch

A Pertinent Article Hitherto Unpublished in English

V. I. LENIN

In connection with the fifteenth anniversary of Lenin's death we publish this article, which has been translated into English for the first time. The article is particularly pertinent since it argues for what is essentially one of the pillars of the Soviet peace policy today: collaboration with one group of capitalist powers against another and more menacing group in order to defend democracy and Socialism. The article is thus a complete refutation of the Trotskyist canard that Stalin, by developing this policy, has betrayed Leninism.

This article appeared in the evening edition of *Pravda* on Feb. 22, 1918, under the pseudonym Karpov. It was written when the Soviet Republic was in the gravest danger. Peace negotiations with the Germans at Brest-Litovsk had been broken off and the German troops were advancing rapidly into Soviet territory. On behalf of the Soviet government, Lenin was negotiating with Allied representatives for technical assistance, including the dispatch of munitions and food, to resist the Germans. The Left Social Revolutionaries, then participating in the government, together with the "Left Communists" headed by Bukharin, rejected such assistance "on principle." An hour or so after the appearance of Lenin's article, the Central Committee of the Communist Party decided by one vote to accept his point of view and endorse the negotiations. Bukharin thereupon handed in his resignation from the committee and from the editorship of *Pravda*.—THE EDITORS.

A TORMENTING disease is the itch. But when people are possessed by the itch of a revolutionary phrase, the very sight of this disease causes others unbearable suffering.

Simple, clear, intelligible truths, obvious to any representative of the toiling masses, and seemingly incontrovertible, are distorted by those who have been afflicted with this kind of itch. Not infrequently this distortion has its origins in the finest, noblest, most exalted of stimuli, simply owing to failure to digest certain well known theoretical truths, or their childishly gawky, schoolboy-servile, inept repetition (as one says, these people can't "put two and two together") but that does not make the itch any less the filthy itch.

For instance, what can be more indisputable and clear than the following truth: The government which gave the people, tortured by three years of a war of spoliation, a Soviet government, the land, workers' control, and *peace* would be invincible. Peace is the most important of all. If after *conscientious* efforts to obtain a general and just peace it transpired, really transpired, that it is impossible to obtain it *at the moment,* then any peasant would understand that it is necessary to conclude not a general, but a separate and unjust peace. Any peasant, even the most ignorant and illiterate, would understand that and would *value* the government that gave him such a peace.

Bolsheviks must have fallen ill with a loathsome itch of phrases to forget that and to provoke the peasants to thoroughly justified dissatisfaction with them when that itch led to a new war waged by Germany, the despoiler against weary Russia! Under what absurd and miserable "theoretical" trash and sophisms this itch has been hidden I have shown in my article "On the revolutionary phrase."* I would not bother to recall it if this itch had not spread to-day (what a very contagious disease it is!) to a new spot.

To explain how this happened I must first cite a trifling example, very simple and clearly, without "theory" (when the itch is put forward as a "theory" it is simply unbearable), without sagacious words, without anything unintelligible to the masses.

Supposing, in order to kill a tyrant and monster, Kalyaev obtains a revolver from an utter scoundrel, rogue, brigand, promising to bring him bread, money, and vodka for his services?

Can Kalyaev be condemned for a "deal with a brigand" made with the object of getting hold of a lethal weapon? Any right-minded man will say no. If Kalyaev could not obtain the revolver anywhere else, and if Kalyaev's object is truly honest (the murder of a tyrant, and not murder for the sake of robbery), then Kalyaev is not to be censured for obtaining the revolver in that way, but to be applauded.

Well, but supposing a brigand, whose object is to commit a murder for the sake of robbery, gets a revolver from another brigand for money, for vodka, for bread, then can *such* a "deal with a brigand" be compared (not to mention identified) with Kalyaev's transaction?

No. Anyone who hasn't lost his senses and has not caught the itch will agree that it cannot be. If any peasant saw an "intelligent man" using phrases to get away from such an obvious truth he would say: It's not for you, sir, to govern a state, but to join the ranks of the word spinners or simply to go and steam yourself in a bath, so as to get rid of the itch.

If Kerensky, the representative of the ruling class of the bourgeoisie, i.e., of the exploiters, concludes a transaction with the Anglo-French exploiters to get arms and food from them, and at the same time conceals from the people pacts promising (in the event of success) Armenia, Galicia, and Constantinople to one brigand, Bagdad, Syria, and so on to the other, is it difficult to understand that this transaction is spoliatory, swindling, shameful on the part of Kerensky and his friends?

No. That is not at all difficult to understand. Any peasant, even the most ignorant and illiterate, will understand that.

Well, and supposing a representative of the class of exploited and oppressed, after that class has overthrown the exploiters, has published and annulled all the secret and spoliatory pacts, and is subjected to a brigand attack on the part of the imperialists of Germany, can he be condemned for a "deal with the brigands" in the shape of the English and French, for getting arms and food in exchange for money or for timber and such like? Can such a transaction be regarded as dishonest, shameful, unclean?

No, it cannot. Any right-minded man will understand that and will laugh fit to split at those who took it into their heads "no-ob-ly" and with erudite aspect to prove that the "masses won't understand" the difference between the brigand war of the imperialist Kerensky (and his dishonest transactions with the brigands for sharing out the general stolen plunder) and the Kalyaev transaction between the Bolshevik government and the Anglo-French brigands anent the obtaining of arms and food from them to resist the German brigand.

Any right-minded man will say: To get weapons by purchasing them from a brigand for brigand ends is contemptible and filthy, but to buy weapons from a similar brigand for the purpose of a just war against a ravisher is perfectly justified. Only dainty misses and namby-pamby lads who have "read things in books" and so are finicky could see anything "unclean" in such a thing. In addition to this sort of folk, perhaps only those who have caught the itch can fall into such an "error."

Well, but will the German worker understand the difference between Kerensky's purchase of arms from the Anglo-French brigands in order to take Constantinople from the Turks, Galicia from the Austrians, Eastern Prussia from the Germans, and the Bolsheviks' purchase of weapons from the same brigands in order to resist Wilhelm, when he has sent his troops against Socialist Russia, who had offered an honest and just peace to all—against Russia, who had declared the war ended?

We expect the German worker to "understand" this, first because he is an intelligent and educated worker, second because he is accustomed to living in culture and cleanli-

(Continued on page 18)

*This appeared in *Pravda* on Feb. 21, 1918. It had argued on the basis of the current facts the "left" talk of "revolutionary war" was dangerous phrase-mongering which could "ruin the revolution." Comparing the situation of Russia in 1918 with that of France in 1792-93 (a favorite "example" of the "Lefts") Lenin showed that while these people "repeat slogans, words, warlike cries, they shun the analysis of the objective facts of the day." He defined the "revolutionary phrase" as "the repetition of revolutionary slogans without the study of the objective circumstances."

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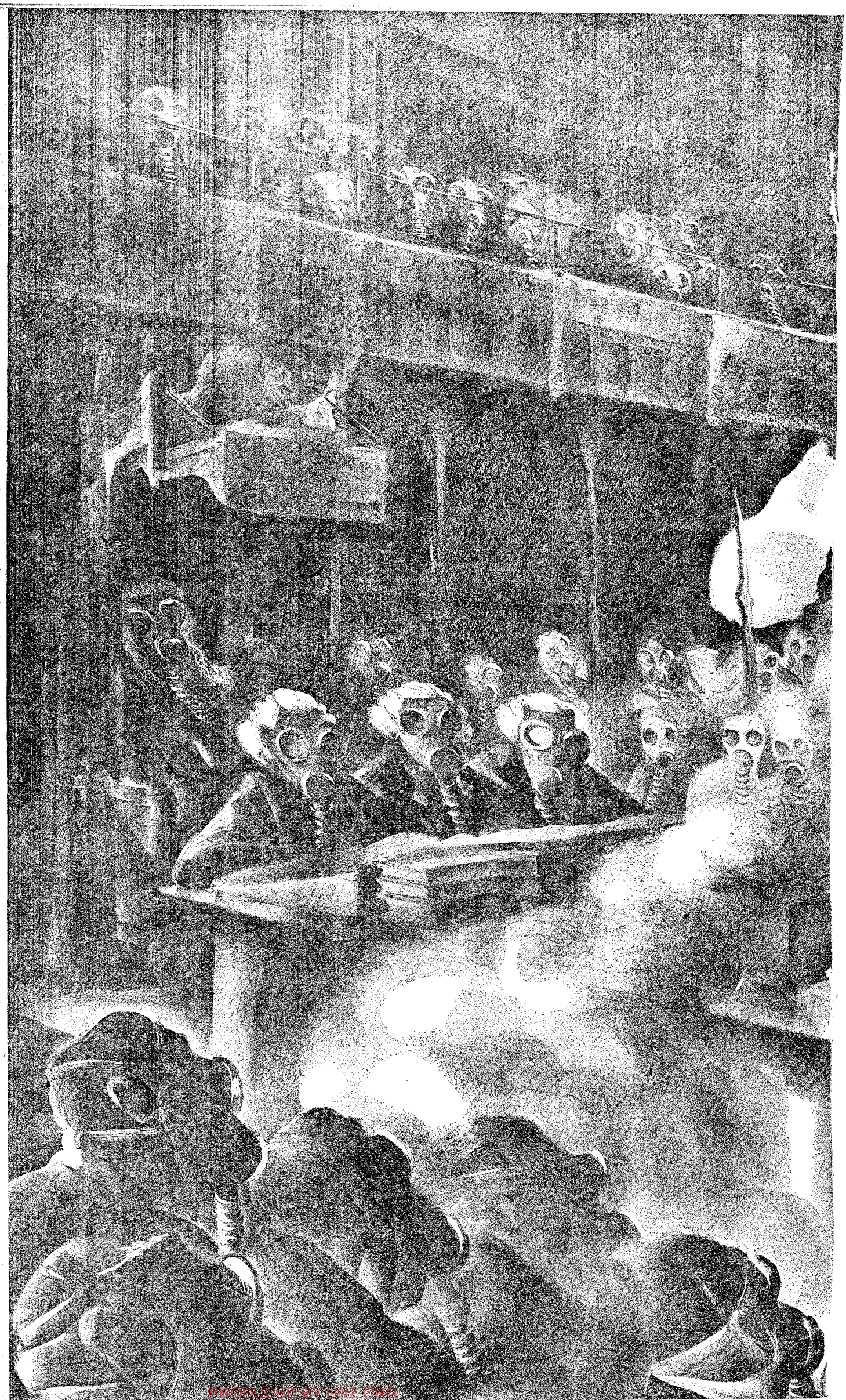

"Peace in Our Time"
—CHAMBERLAIN

Lithograph by Hirschfeld

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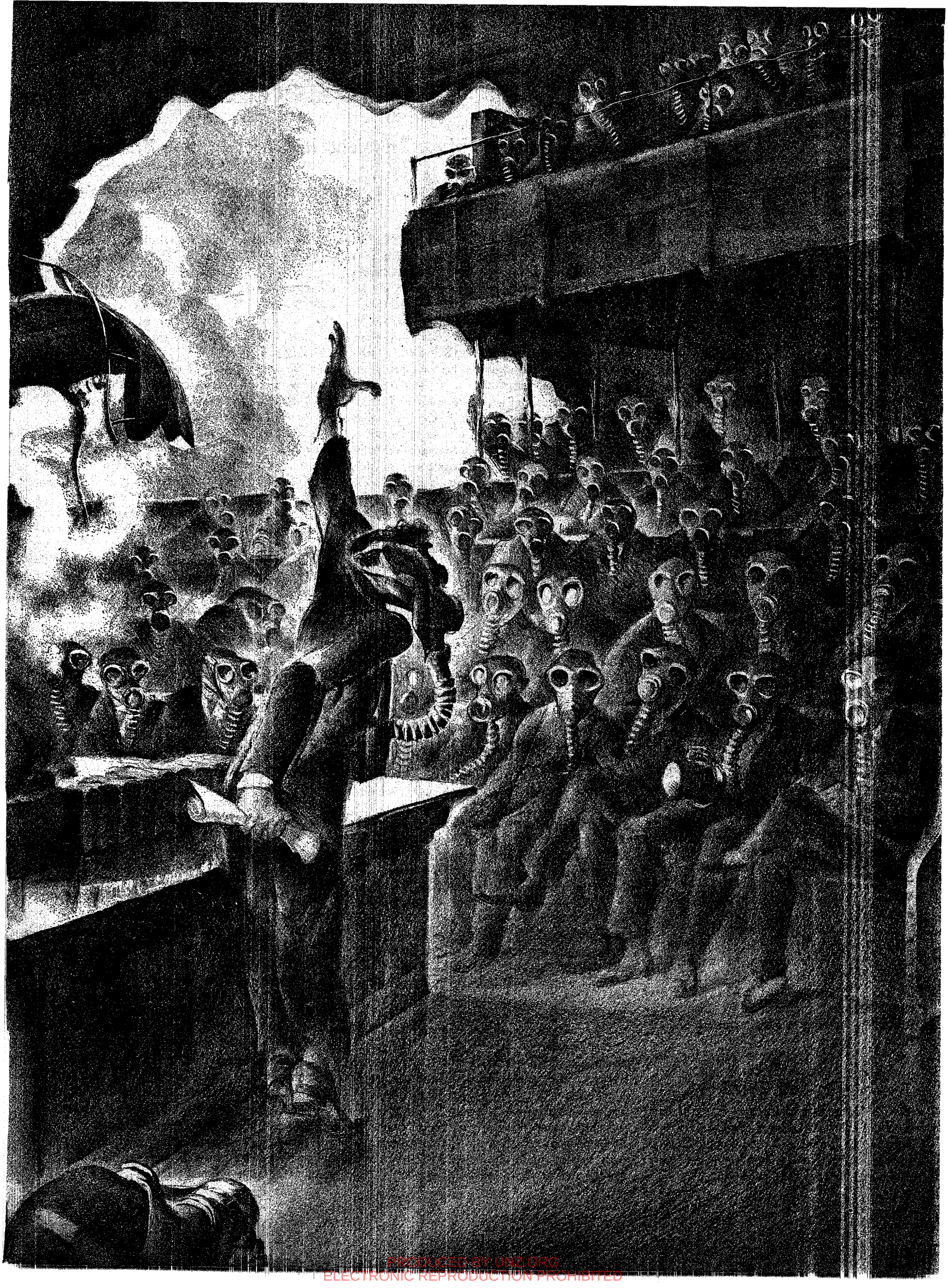

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ness, not to suffering either from the Russian itch generally, or the itch of the revolutionary phrase in particular.

Is there any difference between murder with a view to robbery and murder of a ravisher?

Is there any difference between a war between two groups of despoilers over the division of the plunder, and a just war for liberation from the despoilers' attack on a people which has overthrown its despoilers?

Does not the estimate whether I act wisely or stupidly in acquiring weapons from a brigand depend on the aim and purpose of that weapon? On its employment in a dishonest and shameful or a just and honest war?

Pah! What a filthy disease is the itch! And difficult is the trade of the man whose job it is to give those suffering from the itch a good steaming in a Russian bath. . . .

P.S.—In their war of emancipation against England at the end of the eighteenth century the Americans employed the aid of Spain and France, competitors of, and colonial brigands just as much as, England. I hear "left-wing Bolsheviks" have been found who have addressed themselves to the writing of a "learned work" on the "dirty transaction" of these Americans. . . .

[In his *A Letter to American Workers,* written in August 1918, Lenin again cited the utilization by the American revolutionists of the conflicts among the various reactionary powers.]

★

For Franco-Soviet Talks

A STRAIGHTFORWARD appeal to the French government to proceed immediately to the initiation of talks between the French and Soviet General Staffs was made recently by Pertinax, well known French journalist.

Writing in his weekly *L'Europe Nouvelle,* he asks whether the time has not yet come "to proceed with the meetings and inquiries of the general staffs. Or must we recommend the states of Eastern Europe to imitate Rumania of March 1918 in signing more Bucharest treaties, and become part of the fire while waiting the result of the battle which the Western powers will probably sell out sooner or later?"

Earlier in his article Pertinax declares that "the voyage of M. Neville Chamberlain in the present circumstances is a manifest imprudence. The recent exploits of Adolf Hitler haunt the sleep of Benito Mussolini. After the continental capitulation of Munich he wants to succeed in a Mediterranean and African equivalent."

★

Out of Tunis

IT APPEARS that there are sixty thousand Tunisian Jews, a large number of French Jews are in Tunis, and, oddly enough, about 10 percent of the Italians there are Jews. And Mussolini is anti-Semitic.

Cancer and Economics

The Disease Is More Prevalent in Lower Income Brackets

J. B. S. HALDANE

CRITICS of Marxism often accuse us Marxists of dragging economics into every discussion. So it is worthwhile showing that you cannot possibly keep economics out of a discussion, even of cancer.

Cancer is a rather mysterious disease in which the cells in a small section of some organ, instead of merely replacing other cells which die, start to multiply, and what is more, to invade other organs.

If cells merely increase in number instead of migrating, we get what is called a benign tumor, a mere lump which may be quite harmless. But once they start founding colonies in other organs, say little patches of stomach cells in the liver, lungs, or lymph glands, death is bound to occur unless all the colonies can be destroyed, which is rarely possible.

Fortunately, cancer is fairly rare up to the age of forty-five. But from then onward it increases rapidly.

As a result the death rate from cancer is going up. For if we eradicate a disease like typhoid fever, which kills the young quite as easily as the old, some people who would otherwise have died of typhoid will die of cancer. But there is no reason to think that the chance of dying of cancer at any particular age is increasing.

There is a hereditary factor in cancer. That is to say, if one of your parents had cancer you are rather more likely than the average person to develop it. But even if both your parents died of it, you can comfort yourself with the fact that even so you will probably die of something else.

Environment also has a considerable effect. Otherwise all occupations would have the same cancer death rates, apart from small differences due to chance, when allowance has been made for age. This is not so.

It has long been known that a few trades have a very high mortality from some kinds of skin cancer. Chimney sweeps and mule-spinners are particularly liable to cancer of the skin of the testicles, due to chronic irritation by soot and lubricating oil. At one time chimney sweeps headed the list of cancer death rates. This is no longer the case, mainly because they have been able to adopt higher standards of cleanliness. But their death rate from cancer is still far above the average. Fifty years ago the chimney sweep's black skin was regarded as a joke. We now realize that if a sweep has to live in a house without proper washing arrangements, he is probably condemned to death from a particularly unpleasant kind of cancer. Gas workers are affected in a rather similar way.

The substances in soot and oil which cause cancer were isolated by Professor Kennaway, of the London Cancer Hospital, and his colleague, Cook, discovered their exact composition. It is now possible to test lubricating oils for their presence, and though cotton spinners still have a high cancer risk, it is probably falling.

A specially dangerous occupation is glass-blowing, with a great deal of mouth cancer, and leather dressers and fur workers are also particularly susceptible.

A much more serious cause of cancer deaths is alcohol. The death rates in the alcoholic trades (innkeepers, brewers, barmen, etc.) from cancer of the mouth, throat, gullet, and so on, at ages under sixty-five, are more than double the average. Curiously enough, their stomachs do not develop cancer, though they have a high death rate from gastric ulcers. There can be little doubt that this extra cancer risk is shared by hundreds of thousands of other heavy drinkers.

However, the main cause of excessive cancer is not occupation, but excessive poverty. As we go down the economic scale the cancer death rate among men rises even more sharply than the general death rate.

When cancers are classified by their site, we find a sharp distinction. Cancer of the skin, mouth, throat, and other organs down to the stomach, are about twice as common among the very poor as the rich, with other classes intermediate. Cancer of other organs shows no social grading.

There are two reasons for this. In the first case, these sites are more exposed to irritation by dirt in the poor than the rich. And in the second, they are more accessible to the surgeon, and therefore more likely to be cured by operation in the rich than the poor.

Women are of course liable to cancer of the womb and breast. It has long been known that child bearing makes women more liable to the former, and less so to the latter.

As rich women have fewer children than poor they have less cancer of the womb, but more cancer of the breast. However, if we compare the single women we find that breast cancer has no economic trend, but cancer of the womb increases with increasing poverty.

To sum up, there are a great many causes of cancer which can be dealt with, besides others of which we know nothing at present.

Of the causes which can be fought, the most important is poverty (mainly in towns). The second is excessive drinking of alcohol, and third comes a group of occupational risks, mainly from soot, oil, and pitch.

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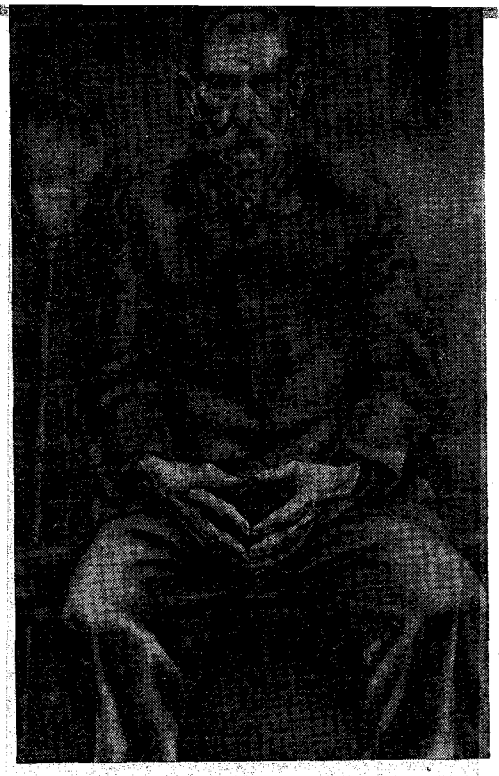
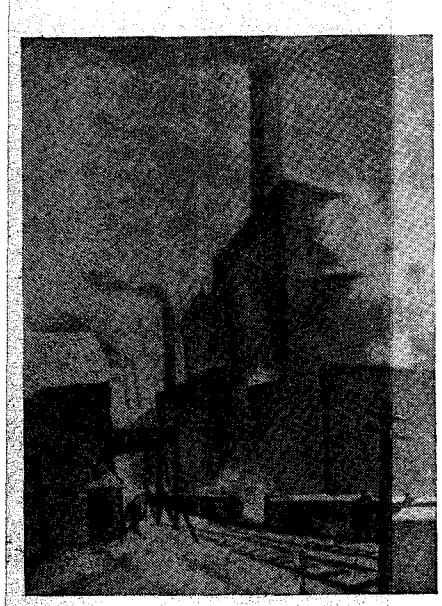
"News from Munich" by Maurice Becker



"Al Lounsberry" by George Biddle

"Harlem River Siesta" by Julian Levi



"Factories in Winter" by Edward Landon

"Don't Let the Milk Trust Get You" by Hananiah Harari

"Awaiting Identification" by Nahum Tschacbasov

Congress Show

THE six canvases reproduced on this page are included in the more than two hundred paintings, prints, drawings, and sculptures that comprise the American Artists Congress exhibition this year. The show, the largest in the Congress' history, is subtitled "Art in a Skyscraper Instead of an Ivory Tower," and opens February 5 in the 55-story building at 444 Madison Ave. in New York City. It will be on public view for three weeks.

Two symposiums, in which a group of prominent speakers will participate, are scheduled for February 12 and February 19.

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Readers' Forum

Low-Cost Publishing

To New Masses: Since the problem of the price of books has been discussed in your columns, Modern Age Books, Inc., has been mentioned several times, and inasmuch as this company has been engaged in the low-cost publishing field for over a year, we feel we can add something to the discussion.

The letter from Harcourt, Brace & Co. seemed to us an able and accurate statement of the case of Lincoln Steffens' *Letters,* and much as we should like it to be otherwise, we fail to see how a commercial publishing house could have issued this particular book at much less than the price set upon it, unless they could have printed an extremely large edition. A huge printing reduces the cost of each individual book but the printing bill itself would, of course, be much larger; and unless prospects for sale are very great, a publisher cannot afford to risk so much money with the danger of having a large portion of his printing unsold.

It is this vicious circle of the inability to risk large editions, and the consequent high cost per book unit in a small edition, which any low-cost book publisher must attempt to break.

At its inception Modern Age embraced the theory that people would buy enough copies of a 25-cent book to make possible very large first printings. In other words, this house took a much heavier gamble, printing quantities of 25,000, 50,000 and 100,000 copies. Experience has now shown, to us at any rate, that this gamble, though sound in principle, was too large in scope. Therefore, Modern Age curtailed the scope by establishing a first printing of 15,000 in most cases, which necessitated in turn a rise in the retail cost of from 25 cents to 50 cents, with certain titles falling in higher brackets whenever illustrations or unusual manufacturing costs were involved.

We now have what seems to be an economic basis of operations. In other words, our average sale of books priced at 50 cents, 75 cents, and 95 cents, paper-bound, has been sufficient during this fall season to meet the cost of production and overhead and royalties and to allow a slight profit. It is important to remember, however, that books sold at reduced cost and printed in large quantities must be of the type which appeals to a very large audience. A low-cost publisher must deny himself the right to publish many books which appeal to smaller but important audiences.

It is at this point that we should like to mention the letter of Mr. Cress, with which we agree almost entirely. To anyone familiar with the history of book publishing, International Publishers is a fascinating part of that industry; and if, as is true in the case of most of its titles, cloth-bound editions are desirable, it is hard for us to see how its prices over the years could have been greatly reduced. The fact that Modern Age is able to bring out paper-covered books at prices ranging from 50 cents to 95 cents does not mean that all the rest of the publishers are profiteering, although some of them undoubtedly are.

So far we have not mentioned binding, and after the discussion in this column, there is little to be said on this point. The principal cost of bookmaking never has been the binding, and the chief hope of lowering the cost of books remains the possibility of printing larger initial editions. This will come when reader demand makes possible better distribution and healthier and more numerous retail book outlets. We at Modern Age operate on the principle that the continued issuance of new books priced under $1 will, in the long run, greatly enlarge the book-buying public; and with increased demand and facilities for distribution, lower book prices will generally result. The only short cut to this greatly desired end would have to be federal initiative in building up book distribution points, display and promotional aids, and intelligent education of the public on the lasting benefits of good books. If that is what we call Socialism, I can agree with the various correspondents that we will not have cheap books very quickly without it.

Louis P. Birk,
Vice-President and Editor,
New York City. Modern Age Books

Frameup in Alabama

To New Masses: In Tallapoosa County, Ala., early in October, Sheriff Corprew, the Simon Legree of the county, arrested a volunteer organizer for the United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing, and Allied Workers of America, CIO union—a Negro aged seventeen, Willie Joe Hart. The charge was highway robbery, as vicious a frameup charge as has ever been heard of in fact or fiction. The next morning the boy's father, a paid organizer for the union, appeared in the sheriff's office to ask about his son's arrest. The sheriff declined to talk about the case but motioned Hosie, the father, into a back room, and said (the conversation is sworn to by Hosie Hart in an affidavit):

"I got a list of every damn one of you . . . you're the ringleader . . . you look like a pretty intelligent nigger to be fooling around with a damn business like this. Remember that nigger got killed right down there by you. Remember the bunch of niggers got killed down here near Tallassee. Remember old Flem Presley, how we went over and beat him up, don't you? Remember Reese Gice, we had to pull him lower. You're going to be done the same way. That white man you let stay with you is going to get you into serious trouble . . . when I come down there after you we won't use pistols or rifles this time—we're going to use machine guns and we're going to mow every goddam one of you down. Every goddam one of you niggers ought to be in the penitentiary. We're not going to have any of this Russian stuff down here—if you want Russian stuff go to Russia—this is supposed to be a free country." (After that he just walked off.)

At the farcical trial Willie Joe was sentenced to fifteen years. Every one connected with the trial knew he was innocent. The whole case is just a frameup to stop the union's efforts to have the landlord veto power on WPA jobs rescinded.

It is of vital importance that we get the boy out of jail. We need money to push the appeal that has already been started. The whole union is behind the fight, as well as the National Committee for People's Rights, but we need every bit of help we can get at once. Any contributions should be sent to R. T. Linsley, District 9 President, UCAPAWA, CIO, 1305 15th St. S, Birmingham, Ala.

Mildred Linsley,
Publicity and Educational Director,
UCAPAWA.
Washington, D. C.

"What Can the Jews Do?"

To New Masses: The article "What Can the Jews Do?" by Rabbi Bertrand E. Pollans, in the January 10 New Masses, is a sparkling bit of satire intended, I take it, to heap ridicule on those faint-hearted and dull-minded among the Jews whose consummate bit of sage advice and admonition in this period of Israel's greatest crisis is that "We must talk it over!"

With delicious irony, Rabbi Pollans speculates on three proffered solutions of the Jewish problem: "suicide, assimilation, and Ghettoism." . . . His aim is to ridicule these solvents of the Jewish problem and to urge a fourth one (which, however, he does not treat adequately)—namely, resistance. For as regards the consoling though paralyzing pastime of talking to ourselves, Rabbi Pollans rightly concludes that "We may keep this up for a while, but sooner or later we must act."

I should like to suggest that Rabbi Pollans submit another article in serious prose or in satire, making clear to us what form *action* must take to be effective.

However, I agree with the author's implied thesis that the way out for the Jews is through mass struggle and not through inaction of the "we must talk it over" kind.

New York City. Rabbi Michael Alper.

A Reader Objects

To New Masses: I feel that I must object to Rabbi Bertrand Pollans' article. The title leads one to expect a serious, straightforward analysis of an important subject, but the article is written in a vein of facetiousness and mock humor that seems to me to be definitely in bad taste.

Do you suppose that this statement, from Rabbi Pollans' third paragraph—"We are stiff-necked. We refuse to die even when the logic of history, written by historians, commands us to do so"—is calculated to make friends for New Masses or its cause among the Jewish people? Or that the entire satirical nature of the article will convince anyone who isn't already convinced? After some three thousand words, the author offers, in one small sentence at the very end of his article, the only positive idea it contains that "we talk it over." I recommend that New Masses offer, very soon, a serious and complete treatment of the subject "What Can the Jews Do?"

Cincinnati. M. E. Siegel.

Mr. Pollans Replies

To New Masses: Although the seriousness and extent of the Jewish problem is of major world proportions it is not minimized by satiric or ironic treatment as a method of stinging people into action beyond the stage of talking. In taking the substance of the article literally, one is bound to miss the whole point of my argument as epitomized by me in the last sentence. For the benefit of those who have failed to draw the line between buffoonery and irony, I restate it here: "Until the Messiah decides to come on a white horse or in a trans-Atlantic clipper, we must talk it over." What else can this mean but the dire need for Jews and non-Jews to be stirred out of their let's-talk-it-over lethargy?

As for the statement "We are a stiff-necked people. We refuse to die even when the logic of history, written by historians, commands us to do so"—the Jews *are* a stiff-necked people against persecution or exploitation; unbending to compromise with their great social goals and democratic traditions. The Jews refuse to die because they have great things to live for despite anti-Semitic historians. They have many things to fight for in the vanguard of civilization, despite the hush-hush policy of a certain type of Jewish leadership.

May I remind my conscientious objectors that the Jewish problem is a non-Jewish problem; a problem for the democratic nations and world Christendom to solve. I am in wholehearted agreement with those who are demanding a program of action in which the Jewish masses can participate, under a leadership that will demand of the nations, not charity, but justice for the Jew.

New York City. Bertrand E. Pollans.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Karel Capek

What to do? A terrible distance separates one people from the other. More than anything, one would like just to stay at home; and, best of all, keep the housedoor shut, pull down the window blinds—and let everybody go his own sweet way. Nobody now is any concern of mine. And so I can close my eyes in peace.

Paris.

ON THE evening of the day when readers of the morning *Lidove Noviny* read these words of Karel Capek, the writer closed his eyes forever.

He died of pneumonia, but in reality the illness was only the pretext for his dying. Like his friend Otokar Fischer, playwright and lyricist, who nine months earlier had died following the Austrian *Anschluss,* so now Karel Capek died following the amputation of Czechoslovakia at Munich. He was one of those indefatigable, inspired, and successful champions who in the past two generations have fought for a Western orientation and have left their impress upon Czech politics and literature. And now that help should have come from the West, came the end. In his last two works *(Die Weisse Krankheit* and *Die Mutter)* he expounded his hard-earned conviction that we must not yield before barbarism; that the struggle against it must be carried forward—as good, necessary, indispensable. And now when his country was called upon to put this to the test, not struggle but capitulation was the answer.

A pupil of Masaryk, he had faith in the ideal of humanity; in moderation and the reconciling of contradictions he saw a great work. He assumed that the democratic system would hold out solidly and he shared the optimism of a Benes. But he lived to witness that "internal political metamorphosis" which destroys the teachings of Masaryk, cultivates racial theories, undermines all democratic thought and institutions. He lacked the strength, the good health, the confidence to take up the struggle against all these things; but he was not so impersonal, so indifferent as to "keep the housedoor shut, the blinds down, and let others go their own way." In this dichotomy he consumed himself. In the very week when the newspaper in which he had for years commented on events of the day was bought out by Batá, the shoe king, the great "efficiency man" even in matters cultural, Karel Capek's work and life ended.

He was not the greatest, but surely the most versatile, of Czech writers. He wrote plays, short stories, novels, travel books. From his pen have come the most revealing (because altogether direct) literary portraits of Masaryk, and he vastly enriched the style of the Czech "feuilleton," called the "entrefilet," or pithy newspaper column, of which he made a distinctly new genre. He composed essays, sketches, critical writings without number.

Karel Capek as seen by a Czechoslovakian caricaturist

He was a storyteller who, like Masaryk and Benes, came from people in "narrow circumstances" and since, like them, he maintained contact with the "little man" he selected his material from the everyday life of the Czechs about him and the broad international world of a scientific, social, and political Utopia. Thus he became a widely read writer at home and the most widely read Czech writer abroad. His principal works have been translated into all civilized tongues. His role as mediator—as moderator—does not by any means stop at providing the outside world with a picture of his Czech homeland and Czech life; in his letters from England, Scandinavia, Italy, and Spain, he seeks to bring these countries home to his Czech readers. And as a translator of modern French lyrics, he influenced the formation of a wholly new Czech art of poetry by the anthology of modern French poets which he started, under the greatest difficulties, as far back as the World War. The works of Wolker, Nezval, Halas, to mention only a few of the best known names, are unthinkable but for the work of Apollinaire and Verlaine, who first became known to the post-war Czech writers through Capek's anthology.

In the great imaginative novels and plays on which Capek's fame reposes, the basic theme is the struggle of man against a world which modern capitalism keeps constantly dehumanizing. Of course, in his Utopias, the poet never delves into ultimate questions; and the struggle for the emancipation of man from a social order which has become a torture and a shackle assumes in his works the shape of a conflict between over-industrialization and man as such, between the Machine and the Soul.

But in his last plays—*Die Weisse Krankheit* and *Die Mutter*—the gap between Utopia and reality is bridged. Not alone do unleashed Robots and humanly equipped Monsters threaten mankind; but the enemy is named by his true fascist name and in place of the abstract doctrine of a return to nature as the soul's only salvation, appears the specific injunction of the tortured mother to her youngest son, "Take your gun and fight!" Go out and fight those who rain bombs upon unfortified cities, who direct their machine guns at little children, and whose totalitarian warfare encompasses all humanity and all civilization.

He could not be a fighter, for it was contrary to his whole nature to take a stand for determined action; and, indeed, he often spoke out against making literature the vehicle of politics. But he realized that there are situations when literature must be "political" or nothing; and in this one situation he sounded the battle cry for his nation and the threatened civilization of his people. That this battle was not fought, and that his spirit was thereby crushed, might be the subject of a whole essay and is mentioned here only in passing.

The greatest of French writers spoke the truth when, in reply to Capek's appeal for Czechoslovakia, they issued a statement which said, "In the name of freedom of thought, now jeopardized for men and their works—in Spain and Czechoslovakia in particular—we, the undersigned, appeal to all French writers to join us in asking that the Nobel prize for literature be conferred upon the great Czech writer Karel Capek." He did not receive the Nobel prize, but even without it a great honor and a splendid memorial were his.

F. C. WEISKOPF.

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Revolutionary Artist

GOYA, *by Charles Poore. Charles Scribner's Sons, $3.50.*

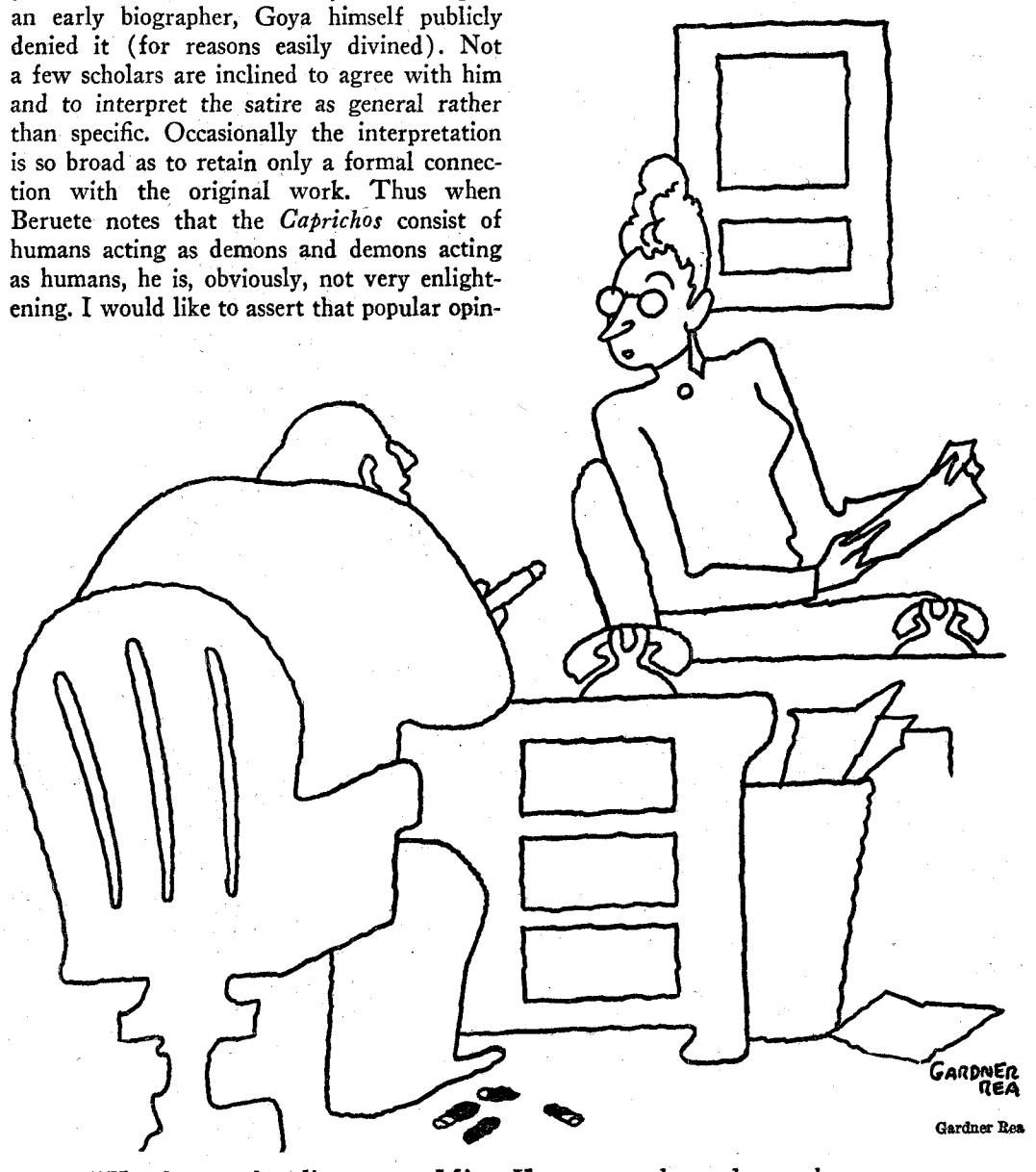
SUPPOSE an artist today portrayed royalty as stupid, incompetent, lecherous, while he showed the reformers and rebels as humane, sympathetic, courageous. Suppose he depicted the clergy as riding on the back of the workman, as shivering over money bags, burying truth, blessing hangman and executioner. Suppose he represented the people degraded by superstition and in all stages of starvation. We could recite in advance all the critics' clichés about art versus propaganda, beauty versus ugliness, about journalism, illustration, etc. A regular field day for the critics! Goya did all those things, and many more like them, over a century ago; he is consequently sanctified by time. And yet in some quarters it is still being debated whether Goya was or was not a social rebel. I recall recent articles in leading American magazines in which critics performed wonders of casuistry to prove that Goya was the impartial artist who did not really mean what the pictures reproduced so incontrovertibly proclaimed.

It is a pleasure to record that Mr. Poore does not try to hide Goya's social and political interests under disembodied esthetic formulas. His book scrupulously attempts to separate legend from fact, to remove the romantic rubbish that has accumulated around the name of Goya in the course of a century: all those tales of indomitable sexual vigor and physical prowess that would eclipse Casanova and Cellini. One of the myths of more recent origin that Poore destroys by implication is that of the "pure" artist isolated from the living issues of his day. Having demolished the legendary Goya, the author proceeds to tell the story of the real man against the background of his turbulent times; and the artist, who rose from his humble origins to become first painter to the king, emerges as a far more significant and vital figure than all the legends made him out to be.

Goya lived in a crucial period of Spanish history. The subterranean forces that were shaking France—the intense struggles against feudalism—were also operative in Spain. With the actual outbreak of the French Revolution, terror gripped the Spanish aristocracy and the church. The pitifully small reforms—the adoption of a mild constitution and the abolition of the Inquisition—wrested at enormous sacrifices, were annulled despite solemn pledges. (Incidentally, Marx gave a splendid analysis of the whole period in his letters to the New York *Tribune* in 1854.) Goya worked for the court and the church; but his religious pictures were so unorthodox and mundane and his portraits of royalty so annihilating that they proved he was not the traditional court and church painter. Everything we know about Goya points to the conclusion that he belonged to the band of reformers passionately desiring the transformation of the country. We know that he was a close friend of the outstanding Spanish reformers, writers, historians, diplomats—men like Jovellanos, Llorente, Moratin, Ponce. We know he died in voluntary exile in Bordeaux, a colony of Spanish refugees. And of course his sympathies are reflected in many paintings and more prints. But we must also remember that, living under black reaction, he could seldom speak his mind freely; in fact, he often had to use speech, whether of word or image, as a disguise for his actual thoughts in order to escape the fate of the victims he so graphically pictured. That is one of the reasons why, over a century after Goya's death, in spite of the exhaustive and in many respects excellent works of Beruete, Loga, Calvert, Mayer, aspects of Goya's life and work still remain obscure and their relation to the dominant currents and conflicts of his day is yet to be established.

Here is one example. The devastatingly satiric *Caprichos* are perhaps the most widely discussed and interpreted series of Goya's prints. Contemporary popular opinion saw in the pictures veiled but direct reference to persons and events of the day. According to an early biographer, Goya himself publicly denied it (for reasons easily divined). Not a few scholars are inclined to agree with him and to interpret the satire as general rather than specific. Occasionally the interpretation is so broad as to retain only a formal connection with the original work. Thus when Beruete notes that the *Caprichos* consist of humans acting as demons and demons acting as humans, he is, obviously, not very enlightening. I would like to assert that popular opinion will be ultimately vindicated. A young Soviet scholar, Lissenkov, conducted an experimental investigation on the *Caprichos* which brought suggestive if not entirely conclusive results. The *Caprichos* were done in the 1790's, that is, in the stormiest period of the French Revolution. Revolutionary propaganda was commonly carried on by means of *Estampes,* popular picture broadsides. Many of them were smuggled into Spain and must have been seen by Goya. Lissenkov examined over five hundred of these *Estampes* and discovered in many of them a striking similarity in theme and composition with the *Caprichos,* thus forming a running commentary on Goya's work and clarifying not only much that was formerly obscure but also the artist's own social orientation.

As Mr. Poore justly says of Goya: "He lived in an epoch of revolution and reaction, and he dramatized the crucial confrontations that still shake civilization." Although this comes pretty close to defining a revolutionary artist, Mr. Poore prefers to dwell more on Goya's universality than on his partisanship ("Goya was not a revolutionist: he was a



Gardner Rea

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revolution. . . . All Spain is in Goya's art."). Within the covers of a short book Mr. Poore succeeds in giving an account of Goya's several periods, introducing the reader to his murals, tapestry, portraits, drawings, and prints. Concurrently he gives a warm and sympathetic portrayal of Goya's life and personality. Mr. Poore takes Goya from the limited circle of scholars and artists—to which he has been confined by the standard biographers—and brings him to a larger audience, without sacrificing the results of scholarship or descending to the cruder methods of novelized biography. The many illustrations give point to the text, though, unfortunately, the quality of reproduction leaves much to be desired. A very useful and very good bibliography completes the volume. LOUIS LOZOWICK.

Expatriate's Autobiography

UNFORGOTTEN YEARS, *by Logan Pearsall Smith. Little, Brown & Co., $2.50.*

IT IS easy to call Mr. Smith an old fogy, so easy that he has thought of it himself, and it is just that quality that makes his autobiography better than it might be. He is everything that an expatriate might be expected, by an enemy, to be, except that he is aware of how he seems to other persons. His years of British residence, antiquarian research, and preoccupation with style have left a kind of tough honesty in him, which is perfectly incongruous but which makes him an uncommonly good observer of his own species. His thin, flaccid style, with which he is so much concerned, drops into a plaintive whine whenever he talks about culture in America, but he can bring himself up short, and he really knows how vapid he is. Just as his mother, an evangelist of remarkable piety, could occasionally voice a hearty paganism, so he, evangelist of culture that he is, is sometimes capable of a gesture of strength that is almost, from his point of view, vulgar.

The early part of the book is best: the story of Philadelphia Quakers, with a talent for making money. There is a fine account of Walt Whitman that really adds something to our understanding of the poet, some not unjust animadversions on Harvard, and a picture of American business methods. It was his dissatisfaction with the family business that sent Mr. Smith to Europe. His account of Balliol and Jowett shows us how the British ruling class is trained. But after Balliol, as he drifted into the making of anthologies, the search for manuscripts, and the writing of *Trivia,* Mr. Smith has little to say. He seems in these later years a less talented Henry James, with just the redeeming touch of critical humor that gives the book its special virtue.

The chapters of *Unforgotten Years* undoubtedly provided a rare treat for readers of the *Atlantic Monthly,* and the book is

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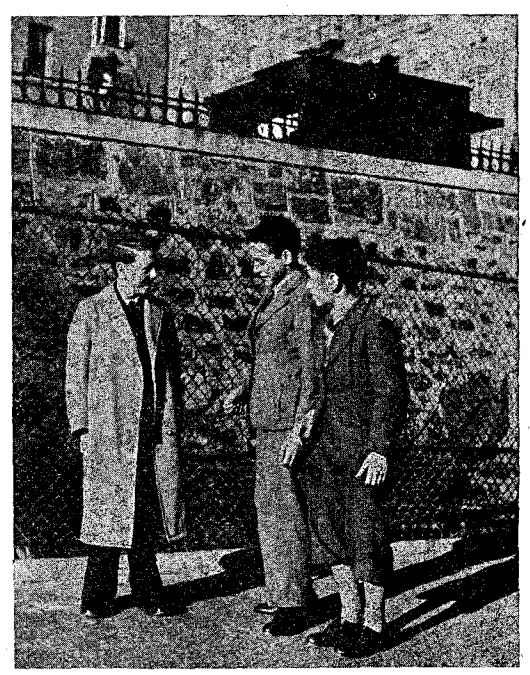

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bound to appeal chiefly to Anglophiles and other snobs, but there is just enough in it to give other persons a pleasant surprise. Mr. Smith offers a warm defense of the expatriates. It would be more convincing if he had not succeeded in making us realize that he himself has something to say, not because, but very much in spite of, his English residence.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Approach To Music

WHAT TO LISTEN FOR IN MUSIC, *by Aaron Copland. Whittlesey House. $2.50.*

AARON COPLAND, besides making an enviable name for himself as one of the most talented and progressive of our native composers, has demonstrated that he is articulate as well as creative. His lecture course on "What to Listen for in Music" has been one of the most popular series at the New School for Social Research, New York, and its publication in book form comes like a fresh, salty breeze to cleanse the musty, perfumed atmosphere of most available elementary works on what is hopefully called music "appreciation."

Most writers on the subject "approach the problem from the standpoint of the educator or the music critic," Mr. Copland starts off. "This is a composer's book. To the composer, listening to music is a perfectly natural and simple process. That's what it should be for others. If there is any explaining to be done, the composer naturally thinks that, since he knows what goes into a musical composition, none has a better right to say what the listener ought to get from it." And what he wants to know from anyone who takes himself seriously as a music lover is: "(1) Are you missing anything as far as the notes themselves are concerned? (2) Is your reaction a confused one, or are you quite clarified as to your emotional response?"—questions that "apply equally well to a Palestrina Mass, a Balinese gamelan, a Chávez sonatina, or the Fifth Symphony."

The technique of music is complex, to be sure, but the fundamentals are simple. Questions like these and the straightforward approach to their answers that Copland presents should be of yeoman service in dissipating the smokescreen of mystery and buncombe that has come to envelop listening to, thinking, and writing about music. And after the purple or schoolmarmish styles into which "appreciation" writers almost invariably fall, it is mighty refreshing to come across someone like Copland who writes conversationally, straight from the shoulder, unaffectedly, and yet with a grip on his basic logic.

The best and truest talk here is in the Preface, the opening chapters ("Preliminaries," "How We Listen," "The Creative Process in Music"), and the closing "From Composer to Interpreter to Listener." The chapter on "Opera and Music Drama" is less arresting, but it ranks as the most sensible and constructive statement of an intelligent contemporary approach to a form that ordinarily suffers no less from its idolators' defenses than from its critics' attacks.

My only complaint is that Copland, in his main sections on "Four Elements of Music," "Music Texture and Structure," "Fundamental Forms," doesn't carry out the exciting promise of his preliminary chapters. It's sound stuff, concisely presented, but while free from the lapses into banality and hifalutin' nonsense of most elementary studies, it doesn't break enough new ground.

But one can't expect too much, and the revelatory and arousing writing on music such as one finds in Morris' *Contrapuntal Technique in the Sixteenth Century,* Dyson's *The New Music,* Warlock's *The English Ayre,* some of Tovey's analysis and parts of Gray's history, doesn't come along every day. If Copland doesn't do a job in its specialized, and perhaps even more difficult, field comparable with that done by such works as these, he does handle a tough task well. Those multitudes of musically interested but musically ignorant and inferiority-ridden amateurs who clamor so piteously for a really good, understandable introduction to the supposedly most mysterious of the arts need turn no longer to witch doctors and fatuous preachers. It's a pleasure to commend Copland's book to them. It will be an even livelier pleasure to salute the book on music Copland will write some day, a book as honest as this and with more of the audacity of his own Piano Concerto, the combined fun and functionalism of his *Second Hurricane.*

R. D. DARRELL.

About Spain

SALUD! *Poems, Stories, and Sketches of Spain by American Writers. Edited by Alan Calmer. International Publishers. 10 cents.*

THIS booklet contains stories by James Neugass, Edward Newhouse, and Prudencio de Pereda; sketches by Erskine Caldwell and Joseph North; poems by Kenneth Fearing, Vincent Sheean, S. Funaroff, David Wolff, Norman Rosten, and others. Among the stories, de Pereda's "The Denunciation" is perhaps the most effective; its terse account of peasant heroism in a rebel- and Nazi-controlled section of Spain is unforgettable for its simplicity and human warmth. Bernabe, the chief character of this story, suggests in his unpretentious courage the magnificent revolutionary workers and peasants of Soviet films. The account of "The Family Ribas" contained in James Neugass' "On the Road" has the same homely warmth, while "Ghost," another of the Neugass sketches, supplies a touch of Homeric humor not amiss in the tragedy which must necessarily pervade contemporary writing about Spain. "They Also

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Serve," by Newhouse, is a capable piece of tragic irony.

David Wolff's "The Defenses" is perhaps the best of the poems; its sharp imagery and the intense passion with which it cries out against fascism make it memorable even among the sharp and passionate poems of our time. "Elegy for Our Dead," by Edwin Rolfe, has the classic dignity of a Greek epitaph coupled with a very modern vigor; the same may be said for Brinnin's "For a Young Poet," its seventeenth-century verse form and rhythm harmonizing subtly and beautifully with the contemporaneousness of its subject. The poems by Kenneth Rexroth, Fearing, and Rosten are not less effective in their various ways; nor, indeed, does any piece of work in the pamphlet fail in what it sets out to do. Altogether, it may be said that *Salud!* is not unworthy of the heroic Abraham Lincoln Brigade, to which it is dedicated.

This is the first in a series of booklets designed to provide the general reader with moderately priced work of a high literary order. The project is extremely valuable, and it is to be hoped that *Salud!* will get the support which it so fully deserves.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

The Refugee Problem

REFUGEES, *Preliminary Report of a Survey, by Sir John Hope Simpson. Oxford University Press. 75 cents.*

THE REFUGEE IN AMERICA, *by Harold Fields. Oxford University Press. $2.50.*

OF THE books under review that of the British baronet is factual and statesmanlike. It is true that much of the historical material today becomes redundant, since it deals with refugees displaced by wars and civil wars following the World War. An account is given of the impotence of the League of Nations in failing to solve by benevolent resolutions the problems of the pressure and drift of world populations. The concluding pages of the report, however, in their succinct and realistic approach, outweigh a library of pietistic tracts.

The contribution of Harold Fields, both in its approach and treatment, is that of the "social worker." He apparently set out to write the type of composition of which this reviewer might himself have been guilty, dealing with the contribution of the alien to American civilization. Mr. Fields labors to metamorphose that thesis into a study of the problem of the refugee. Sir John makes it clear that, so far as concerns the United States, no such legal distinction exists. Mr. Fields, however, does violence to factual conclusions. He lists as distinguished "refugees" persons who emigrated to America voluntarily thirty years ago. It would seem that the author intended to write the kind of work which was made popular in the halcyon days of the "melting pot," by Zangwill, Kohler, and Louis Marshall. Such a work cannot at this time be an effective contribution to the problem of the modern refugee, a term which, since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, properly applies to "one who flees to a foreign power or government for safety." However persuasive Mr. Fields' book may be in pointing out again that ours is a land built largely by aliens, the volume is improperly titled, as it does not in fact deal directly and realistically with the modern problem of the refugee since the advent of fascism.

The origin of this problem in Nazi state policy is recognized by Sir John Hope Simpson, in his Preliminary Report, and he correctly appraises the danger in the adoption of the Nazi technique by other harassed governments, when he says:

> The policy of the German government since 1933 in actively discriminating against its Jewish population has greatly increased the difficulties of Jews throughout Eastern Europe. Other governments, embarrassed by problems arising from their Jewish minorities, have seen Germany adopt, with little apparent injury to herself and without effective opposition from other states, a policy of victimization that has already led to the emigration of one-quarter of her total Jewish population. They have seen the success and impunity with which Germany has carried through a persecution of Jews which has included the substantial confiscation of their property and of their employment. They have seen other countries both separately and in cooperation assist the emigration of a section of population arbitrarily described as "undesirable." They have seen relief organizations and the charity of the civilized world respond to a process equivalent to blackmail. The temptation to these other governments to follow the German example is obvious. If the policy pursued within Germany and later within Austria is taken as a precedent, other countries may argue that the only way they can secure the interest of the international community in their population problems is to adopt a similar policy and to begin to convert the domestic problem into an international problem of refugees.

Precisely. And that is why Herr Schacht's role as Hitler's traveling salesman in search of ransom money was no less despicable and anti-social than the role of the ordinary kidnaper, despite the fact that Herr Schacht operated in striped trousers and white gloves.

CHARLES RECHT.

Cheap Fake

THE PATROL IS ENDED, *by Oloff deWet. Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.75.*

AT LEAST William Carney of the New York *Times* has never pretended to be anything else than a public-relations man for Spanish fascism. Oloff deWet, on the contrary, would like to have you believe that he is an English aviator, a soldier of fortune, who fought for a while in the loyalist air force.

The Spanish republic, which for two years has withstood the invasion of two countries and the non-intervention of others, is, in *The Patrol Is Ended,* an organization of cutthroats and felons; Mr. deWet could scarcely

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make his way through the streets for the corpses. He was fascinated by corpses. They were everywhere. They smelled. The Spanish people, on trains, in restaurants, at home engaging in conspiracies against the government, also smelled. Not half as much as Oloff deWet, however.

The Patrol Is Ended is a cheap fake, not worth worrying about. Books of the same sort were written in great numbers about the Russian Revolution. Its technique is new only as applied to Spain—it will take in nobody. It will not have much of a sale even among pro-fascists because of its astounding literary style, several cuts below the pulp magazines, so pasty that most of the time, with the best will in the world, you are unable to tell what the author is talking about. The general melodramatic outlines are clear enough. When his flying contract ran out and Russian aviators (Mongol Dupes) arrived, he pretends to have carried on some kind of shabby intrigue, evidently under the impression that he was the Scarlet Pimpernel, to get condemned persons out of the country. He does not believe in politics, of course. He would make an ideal witness for the Dies committee—entirely unscrupulous, knowing no more about his subject than what he has read in the Hearst press. The publishers describe this atrocious mess as "an honest record of what war does to a man; a young Englishman's vivid and sensitive story of his experiences in loyalist Spain." As fiction it would have been bad enough, it would have been terrible; but to palm it off as a chronicle of fact is thoroughly outrageous. ROBERT TERRALL.

★

Brief Review

JOHNNY GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH, *by Ruth Brindze. Vanguard Press. $2.*

As the title indicates, this book teaches the boy and girl of modern America the art of buying.

After a clear exposé of the phony advertising methods used by big and little business, indicated by the huge sums spent yearly by them on publicity, Miss Brindze demonstrates how manufacturers even descend to the level of chicane to sell their products. The following story of a hoax perpetrated by a big cereal company is a case in point. Jack Armstrong is a popular and entirely fictitious radio character. "His mother becomes seriously ill." Boys and girls of the radio audience are asked to help him by buying a box of Wheaties and mailing the box top to the company. Part of this money, they are led to believe, will go to Jack to "take care of his mother." The whole story was proved a fantasy invented to promote the sales of the cereal.

Having disposed of business ballyhoo, Miss Brindze analyzes certain staple products such as clothes, food, shoes, materials, etc., giving much practical advice on the buying of them. She tells of the federal government's laboratory run for the testing of materials intended for purchase, and suggests that what the government does, so can individuals, by certain simple tests, accomplish in a minor degree.

The book is written in appropriately simple language, and entertainingly illustrated by Emery I. Gondor. It is well worth the $2, since it convincingly demonstrates the economic value of cooperative protection and realistic thinking in this age of false social values. HELEN BURLIN.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

The New Movies

JOHN GARFIELD'S second picture, *They Made Me a Criminal,* is an expert patchwork of hokum in which his exciting personality is well supported by the Dead End Kids, Gloria Dickson, May Robson, and Claude Rains. It is the story of a champion boxer who is forced to become a fugitive after being involved in a murder he did not commit. He lands on a ranch in Arizona where the kids have been paroled from reform school. He too is reformed but has to expose himself in a local fight club in order to make money to save the old ranch. One of the most artificial devices ever generated by a writer is used to hang the story together, to wit—he is finally recognized by the detective, not by his face which the dick knows quite well, but by his peculiar fighting stance; as if anyone could be in doubt about the distinctive features of Mr. Garfield.

They Made Me a Criminal is excellently directed in the spirit of Warner Brothers' realism; it includes at least two superb scenes —one of the gang and Garfield going swimming in an irrigation tank where they are nearly drowned when the water is let out so far that they can no longer reach the top of the tank, and not far enough for them to touch bottom. It reminded me of some of the physical dilemmas that used to thrill the readers of the *Youth's Companion.* The other notable scene occurs in the dressing room of the Arizona fight club when two local boys and our hero wait to meet the sideshow gorilla for $500 every round they can stay with him.

The situation is artificial, or at best an exceptional one, but Garfield gives it an air of universal importance. The same dramatic suspense could be worked up about an unemployed man in order to use Garfield for a more telling purpose than entertainment. It begins to look as though this compelling fellow will meet the fate of Cagney and Spencer Tracy, American working and middle-class types, who have never been given honest material. Their pictures are phenomenal because of their presence in them and not because of any virtue in the story.

GARSON KANIN, the imaginative twenty-six year old director, who made the fine picture *A Man to Remember,* had better pull a tantrum or marry Greta Garbo or get himself mentioned for the role of Rhett Butler, or by some such maneuver convince the RKO front office that he is a genius and had better be left alone. His new picture, *The Great Man Votes,* is burdened with bad preparation, hurried production, and a most unbelievable script. Briefly, the plot provides that John Barrymore is a scholarly dipsomaniac with two small children whose respect he earns by trading his vote, which is the only one in an important election district, for the job of commissioner of the public schools. Let us look at the sure-fire elements that have been piled into the picture: the debut of Peter Holden, child actor; the presence of Virginia Wiedler, a child favorite; Barrymore in a character part; an attempt at political satire; and a moralistic finale in which it is said that every man is a king on election day, be he ever so humble the other 364.

Although the film has a small budget—$200,000—it was an attempt at a prestige picture, by which the producers mean: look, folks, we can make art pictures too. But Hollywood is not content with a simple, well developed story with its feet down in reality. It may be art but it also has to be box office. So they start Mr. Kanin off with the same trio of characters he had in his previous film—an elderly widower bringing up his motherless children in genteel but proud poverty. The idea of adding political satire on boss politics was a good one, but Hollywood's damnable caution, that often becomes cowardice, robs the satire of any effectiveness. Juggling his stars, each with their peculiar talents, and balancing the moods of pathos, indignation, gayety, and malice, becomes too much for any director to handle. Like a Stan Cavanaugh twirling his Indian clubs, Mr. Kanin does his very best to keep them all in the air at once. But the producer in the wings tries to make him a better juggler by throwing in several more clubs, namely the old chestnut of having the children threatened by a juvenile court, and even a love affair for Barrymore. I can't quite make up my mind whether Mr. Kanin dropped all the clubs or not. I seem to see him bravely throwing three or four of them after the curtain has gone down.

Sid Gotcliffe

There is every evidence that Garson Kanin is a fine director. One sequence in which the camera trucks along, showing the children's feet as they drag off to school, is the best thought of the picture. The little girl walks on the cracks of the pavement and the boy kicks a tin can and the camera never goes above their knees, despite an important conversation between them.

But *The Great Man Votes* is a miss, a consistently interesting if a puzzling and disconnected one. Speaking for Mr. Kanin, I demand a recount; let him make a picture about one of a million real stories of life without benefit of the bright angles thought up by the producer. Also, a story that does not require us to check our common sense in the foyer.

The Shining Hour is another instance of exceptional talents squandered on a trifle. When Margaret Sullavan, Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young, Fay Bainter, and that impressive Negro actress Hattie McDaniel are working with dialogue by Ogden Nash and direction by Frank Borzage, it would be an excellent idea to compliment them with a bit of dramatic material. Actors are a long-suffering folk. I fail to see how Job keeps all his publicity fresh when he has so many contemporary rivals in the flickers. Here is an exemplary collection of thespian talents, laboring like a black gang to stoke some fire into a burst potboiler about a dance-hall gal who finds the life of her country squire slightly irritating.

A CORRESPONDENT HAS INTRODUCED several important points about the Soviet film *The Great Citizen,* now playing at the Cameo. The writer reminds film goers that they should not misunderstand the function of the representative of the Central Control Commission in the film, who comes to unsnarl the crisis caused by the plotters. "Control" in the German and Russian usage means to "check," to "investigate," rather than arbitrarily to dominate a situation. The true meaning is given in the actions of the control commissioner, but the correct designation is also important. Second, because the Soviet masses are thoroughly familiar with the circumstances of

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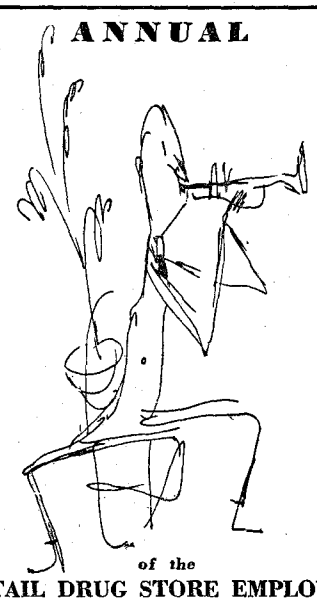
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the 1925 period, the film presumes on that knowledge and leaves much explanatory material unsaid for the American audience. Thus, the question of unemployment which is raised by the oppositionists in the film who say planned production and improved techniques will cause unemployment, is not answered adequately by the protagonists of the Soviet people. It is simple stuff for a Moscow schoolboy to answer that one. That answer is: there was no unemployment. Improving production freed thousands of workers for immediate jobs on other necessary works. Before the beginning of the second Five-Year Plan unemployment insurance was already a thing of the past because there was simply no unemployment.

JAMES DUGAN.

Noel Coward's New Offering

A NEW revue opened last week. The music was dull, banal, and imitative. The jokes were delicate little period pieces, dredged up from ten-year-old back copies of the *New Yorker*. The dancing was feeble. So was the singing. The two big numbers have been on victrola records for five years, to the delight of Harvard freshmen, circa 1932.

The revue starred one of the world's greatest comediennes. But although the audience cooperated manfully, the lady's material was so utterly awful that even she couldn't do much with it.

But because the revue was *Set to Music*, written, staged (and the staging was terrible), conceived, rehearsed, directed (the direction was halting, to put it in kindly phrase) by none other than the great god Noel Coward, the SRO sign hangs on the Music Box ticket window these brisk January nights and young men in white ties and silk hats fight for every inch of the available standing room. Ho-hum.

Beatrice Lillie carries the whole show on her wonderfully expressive shoulders, and there were moments when she almost—but not quite—made up for the incredible stupidity of the rest of the Coward opus. But even Miss Lillie can't do much with a spy sketch which has all the earmarks of something gotten up in a big hurry for the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club by one of its less talented members. "The Stately Homes of England" number is all very well, but it turns up in Act II as well as Act I and it's five years old in the first place. Besides, *Pins and Needles* and *Sing Out the News* people do that sort of thing with much more flair.

Set to Music is really a downright scandal. Only a British sophisticate with one of those cast-iron reputations would have had the nerve to dish up a revue so old, so inexpert, and so dull for a Broadway audience. After all, the standards are pretty high this season. We have *Leave It to Me!* and *The Boys from Syracuse*. But then, only a really blue-blooded New York night-club sucker would be dope enough to lay out $4.40 for the dubious pleasure of sitting through *Set to Music*. Only, I wish Beatrice Lillie would get somebody good to do her a show, because I think she's wonderful. Woe! that she has to struggle through the songs and skits of Mr. Coward's dreary offering.

WE NOW COME TO one of the worst turkeys of this or any other Broadway season, a charming little number entitled *Where There's a Will*. It was billed as a comedy, and has something to do with one gang of the characters having illegitimate children at the expense of the opposition's honor. Sacha Guitry wrote and starred in the play in France, but either the translator took out all the dirty lines or Frenchmen are easily amused—for nobody laughed the other night when I saw it. Nobody at all. It was very awkward, and towards the end several people began to chuckle feverishly because they felt so sorry for the cast.

Incidentally, there was one interesting actress in it—a lady named Anita Bolster, who deserved far, far better for her American debut.

Heaven only knows why anybody in his right mind took the trouble to produce *Where There's a Will* in New York. The whole thing fills me with gentle melancholy.

RUTH MCKENNEY.

Four Art Exhibitions

HELD for the benefit of Chinese civilian victims of war is "Three Thousand Years of Chinese Jade," on view at the Arden Gallery, New York City, till February 4. The admission fee of 50 cents is amply repaid by the sheer sensuous beauty of the jade axes, hilts, spearheads, cups, daggers, ornaments which comprise the first comprehensive exhibition of jade to be organized in this country. Scholarship is not needed for one to know that here is art of a high order, an index of the ancient and stable civilization of China, now threatened by fascist invaders. Although the growing practice of charging admission to exhibitions is not wholly to be commended, this is a worthy cause and a noteworthy exhibition.

On view through February at the Riverside Museum, New York City, is the retrospective exhibition of the documentary photographs of Lewis W. Hine, some of them made as long ago as 1905. In a period when documentary photography is the vogue and when much photography is wrongly described as documentary, it is important to study these pioneer works. For they possess indisputable social content, plus form. They serve also as a tradition for the newer generation of photographers.

There is a lesson social artists may well learn from photography, namely, that to be a powerful social weapon a picture must be concrete and realistic, packed with tangible content. The nature of the photographic medium permits this objective to be achieved,

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possibly more easily than in the mediums of painting and the graphic arts. At any rate, artists who rely on the older mediums will have to substitute for the unflinching fidelity of the camera eye an equal vigilance of the human and more fallible human vision. In calling for a greater degree of observation from social artists, the critic has this important precedent.

The recent exhibition at the ACA Gallery, New York City, "Paintings by Seventeen Artists on Social Themes," indicates that indeed artists are more and more coming to understand that no art can be born of lack of experience and knowledge. Even if they have not always been able to study their subjects from the life, as in Harriton's *Memorial Day, Chicago, 1937,* nevertheless the themes they choose to present *are* from life, though but reported. Other subjects, as Tromka's sharecroppers and coal town and Gottlieb's fishermen, have been directly observed.

A further step in growth is that artists are finding time to "think of their painting problems in esthetic terms." This fact, continues the brief introductory note in the exhibition's catalogue, means that "their works have plastic as well as pictorial meaning." An admirable instance is Evergood's *The Hurricane,* in which plastic values are created not for their own sake, but to enhance the psychological impact of the painting. This picture is built around the idea of the needless waste and devastation of the hurricane; horror great enough to arouse the human will to action is its method of protest. Here method and meaning are fused. Here, also, we have the argument of fact that form and content must be fused if the work of art is to achieve its objective.

An experiment in form and content which has a useful purpose of a somewhat different nature is the photographic documentation of the modern dance now being carried on by Barbara Morgan. Recently her photographs of Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman, Hanya Holm, José Limon, and younger dancers dancing have been exhibited at Columbia and Barnard. They are now being circulated throughout the country to numerous dance centers, including the West Coast, Chicago, New England colleges, Philadelphia, and elsewhere. For communities which have not had an opportunity to see in reality the revolution which has overtaken the dance in our era, these photographs are a revelation. For students of the dance and for future ages, they are indispensable documents. ELIZABETH NOBLE.

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BACH.....*Concerto in D Minor*
Ralph Kirkpatrick, *Harpsichord*
MOZART.....*Serenade "Notturno," No. 6*
SHOSTAKOVICH.....*Two Pieces for String Octet*

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Another form in which the struggle goes on against uptown managerial pressure is exemplified by two popular-priced concerts which will be given the evenings of January 30 and February 20, at the Washington Irving High School, New York City. These concerts will be by the New York Sinfonietta, an organization which has made a remarkable success under the conductorship of Max Goberman. As a conductor, Goberman showed such talent in the recordings made for Timely Records as to elicit praise from every record critic of reputation for his crisp and sure conducting of unfamiliar music, old and new. The first concert, which will be assisted by Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichordist, and Norman Dello Joio, organist, features music by Corelli (*Christmas Concerto*), Bach (*Clavier Concerto in D-Minor*), Mozart (*Notturno—Serenade No. 6*), and Shostakovich (*Two Pieces for String Octet*)—a program which promises to be of exceptional interest, and which may be heard at movie prices.

Another series deserving of a support which it has not yet had, is the Subscription Concert Series sponsored by the Musicians Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. Musically, these evenings are of top rank, the Budapest and Mischakoff quartets having already played. Yet to come are the Perole String Quartet, an evening devoted to the music of Spain, and the Coolidge String Quartet. These concerts will also feature soloists of distinction, including Eduard Steurmann, pianist; Simeon Bellison, clarinetist; Vincente Gomez, guitarist; and Frank Sheridan, pianist. In order, the dates will be February 10, March 10, and April 7; all concerts are at the New School, New York City.

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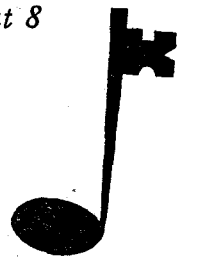

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MARIE MARCHOWSKY (of Martha Graham Concert Group) and Dance Group. Full length recital of new dances. Washington Irving H. S. Sunday evening Feb. 19. All tickets reserved. $1.10, $.83, $.55 at studio or by mail from C. Allison Berland, 13 West 17th St., CH 2-9182.

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Dance Events

FOR the Dave Doran Memorial Committee at the Mecca Temple, New York City, in order of appearance, Jane Dudley, Sophie Maslow, Bill Matons, Ailes Gilmour, Miriam Blecher, Anna Sokolow, Mira Slavonica, José Limon, Katherine Litz, Martinez and Antonita, and the Theater Dance Company, in a program of concert and theater dances, most of which have been seen and well received in these parts a number of times.

The high spot of the evening was Anna Sokolow's *Case History No.—,* the solo study of the slum-tenement boy caught in the trap of insecurity and, jobless, relentlessly shoved by the forces of his environment into lawlessness. With five mothers up at Albany, pleading with the governor for the lives of five such boys, it was especially poignant.

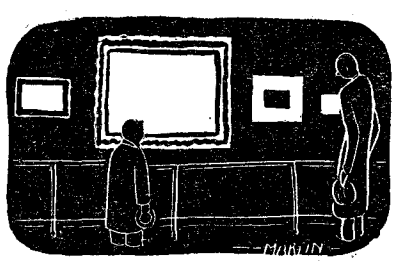
Jane Dudley and Sophie Maslow have a good idea in *Women of Spain,* and "Yesterday," the first part of the dance, has especially good movement and choreography. The "aristocrat" of the work, however, is much too capricious in his oppressing of the people—and the people a little too pliable.

Miriam Blecher composes and moves with considerable inventiveness and ingenuity, on such materials of importance as *Three Jewish Songs.* Her treatment, however, inclines to the sentimental and tends to dissipate much of the dancer's vitality and good direction.

Bill Matons, dealing in violent gestures and sometimes in antics, offers no dull moment in the concert hall. His *American Rhapsody* treats of the emotional struggle of the young people who can't make love on a dime; his *Edward and Wally* is a satiric rhumba built on the great Windsor-Simpson romance as sung in Trinidad. Ailes Gilmour, whose poise and lyricism scarcely suggest such movement, nevertheless proves an excellent partner for the percussive Matons.

Mira Slavonica, anti-fascist refugee from Czechoslovakia, presented interpretive folk dances that date a bit in the American dance theater. Martinez and Antonita danced a Bolero and a Jamba Gitana. The dances of José Limon, Katherine Litz, and the Theater Dance Company have been reviewed recently in these columns.

Of the younger dancers, incidentally, the American Dance Association began a series of studio recitals at Studio 61, Carnegie Hall, New York City, Sunday afternoon, January 22. The association will hold the second of its national conventions at Mecca Temple, February 4 and 5. OWEN BURKE.



Charles Martin

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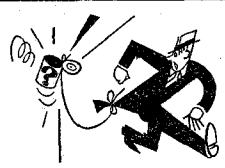

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by Stuart Chase

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What Cost National Defense? **by Major Eliot;** ***Snow White and the 8 Giants:*** **America's Biggest Monopoly, by Herbert Harris;** ***What Is Democracy?*** **by Maury Maverick; three other articles; etc.**

COMING

BERTRAND RUSSELL states the case for absolute neutrality. Five nationally known liberals defend and five others attack his position. (March)

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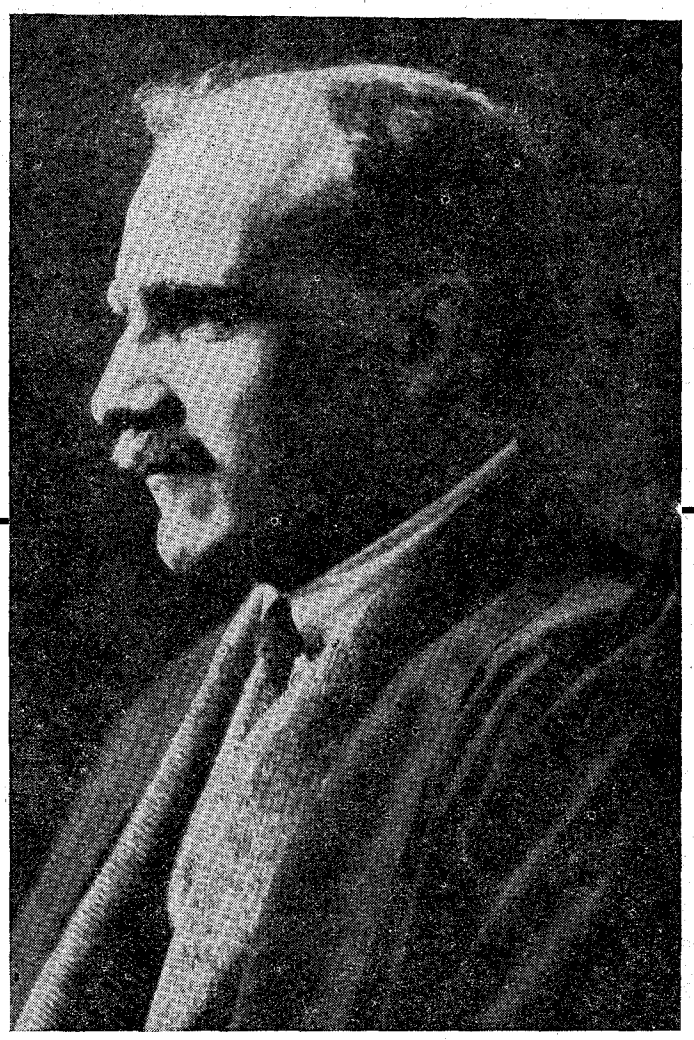

WHEN Franco started driving north from Algeciras, the Spanish government was lacking in most of the things which the war-conscious nations had. It lacked trained soldiers—which it soon developed; it lacked munitions—which it never got; and it lacked technicians.

Among the many trained technicians and scientists who put themselves at the disposal of the Madrid government none had a greater reputation or wider experience than J. B. S. Haldane. The son of a British scientist who ranked alongside Darwin, Haldane had a secure and independent status of his own as a leader of present day British biologists. He had pioneered in the laboratory; he had taught at Oxford, his own university, at Cambridge, at the University of London; he had been president of the British Genetical Society; he was the author of several widely acclaimed books — *Daedalus*, *Callinicus*, *Possible Worlds*, *Animal Biology* (with Julian Huxley), *The Inequality of Man*, and *The Causes of Evolution*.

After his stay in Madrid, as government adviser on air raids and chemical warfare, Haldane returned to London and wrote, largely on the basis of his experiences in Spain, A. R. P. (Air Raid Precaution), which, by its exposure of the inadequacy of the government's methods, stirred up a raging hornet's nest in pro-Chamberlain circles.

And now, beginning with his article in this issue, NEW MASSES is proud to announce that J. B. S. Haldane will become a regular contributor. He will deal with the questions that most puzzle the layman; he will disentangle and explain in progressive, humanitarian language the mysteries incarcerated in the scientific journals and most important, he will show science in the service of the people and help blast what passes for science in the camp of the people's enemy, the fascists.

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